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JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXVIII. No. 1011. SATURDAY OCTOBER 17 1925. TWOPENCE.

Sterling RADIO That sounds good!

NOW OR NEVER!

Your last chance to get our 10/6 Free Gift. Pages 8&9

Almost afraid to eat anything!

There are many people such martyrs to indigestion that it is not surprising to hear them exclaim that they are "almost afraid to eat anything." Nothing can be more agonising than indigestion, and it is not merely physical pain. The habitual sufferer from indigestion knows only too well the helplessness which accompanies a bad attack. 'Bisurated' Magnesia relieves indigestion *instantly* by neutralising the harmful acid and preventing fermentation, the two chief causes of all digestive troubles. Furthermore, 'Bisurated' Magnesia heals and protects the inflamed stomach lining, tones up the system and enables all food to be eaten and enjoyed without any after-suffering. Recommended by doctors and hospitals as the quickest, safest and surest cure for indigestion and all kindred complaints.

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The World's Greatest Remedy for Indigestion

IN POWDER
More suitable for family use in the home
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EVERY CHEMIST SELLS IT.

IN TABLETS
Flasks, handy for the pocket or handbag
1/3 & 2/6

YOURS for 6D.

This exceedingly handsome real animal Stole, dyed in any of the following fashionable shades: Skunk, Stone Marten, Rich Sable Brown, Grey, Brown or Black to your choice. Warranted skins of exceptional quality and rich colour (carefully selected). A really handsome and distinctive stole of great depth, and rich silky fur. Full length and width. Each fur luxuriously lined. We send this handsome stole post paid upon receipt of 6d. only. If satisfied, balance is payable 8/- on receipt and 5/- monthly until 28/6 is paid. Full cash with order (or balance within 7 days), 28/6 only. Cash returned if dissatisfied and stole is returned within 7 days.

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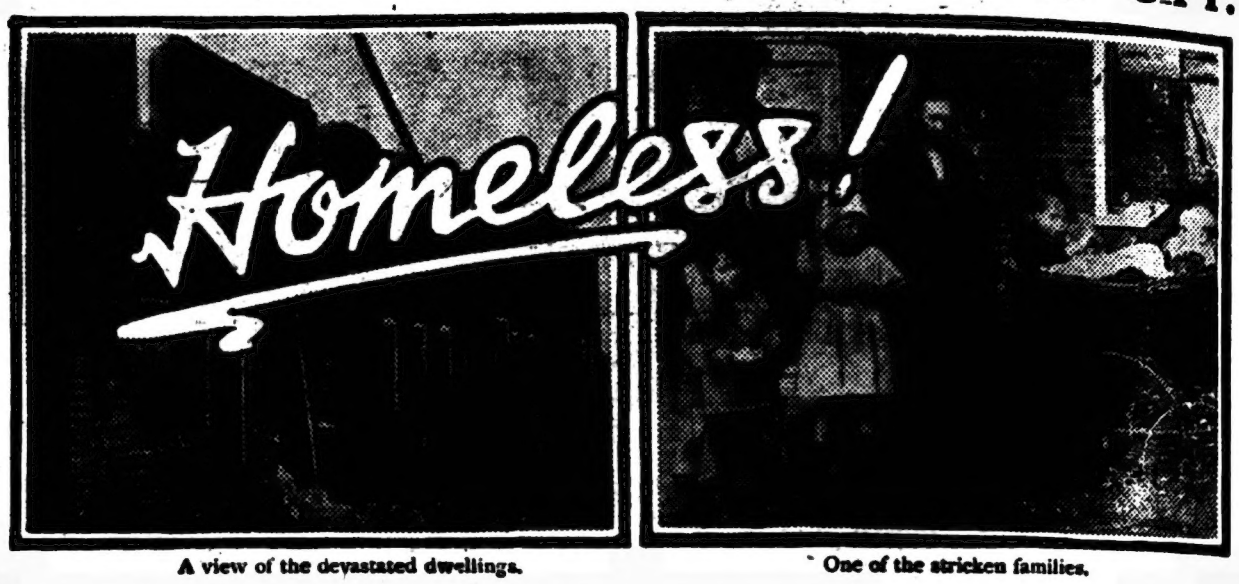

A view of the devastated dwellings. One of the stricken families.

A Terrible Fire

—*and the moral.*

IF you had been in the little Kentish village of Hoath recently, you might have seen a mother sitting by the roadside giving her children a scanty breakfast of bread and butter. She was one of the victims of the terrible fire that broke out there in which five homes were gutted and the lives of 25 children imperilled. Nothing now remains of these little homes but a heap of smouldering ruins—furniture, clothing and cherished belongings all fell a prey to the flames.

It is in just such cases as these, that John Bull's Great Free Insurance Gift would prove such a friend indeed.

What about that little home of *yours* that you prize so much? Would *you* receive a substantial cheque if Fire reduced it to ashes? Why take the terrible risk? Week by week you have seen the forms below. Don't pass them by now but —SIGN.

OVER 17,000 BENEFITS PAID—SIGN NOW!

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To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
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Reader's Name in full (CAPITAL LETTERS) ..... Age ...

Address .....

Reader's Signature .....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

One jd. stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent on receipt of jd. stamped addressed envelope.

J.B. 17/10/25.

CUT HERE.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 17/10/25.

Cash the Coupons

"JOHN BULL'S" WONDERFUL OFFER.

Here is a wonderful opportunity to own the famous "John Bull" 5/- Pen and pocket a shilling, and, in addition, get a 2/6 Everpointed Pencil FREE!

SEE WHAT YOU GET!

(1) The 5/- "John Bull" Lever Self-Filling Pen, equal to pens costing Half-a-Guinea. (2) 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil, complete with re-fills FREE!

WITH SIX COUPONS— 4/- only.

The Pen is fitted with 14-ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped, and safety cap. Guaranteed 2 years.

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The man who simply had to light a

PLAYER'S

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"White Label" 10 for 5½d.

Medium 10 for 6d.

Full Size

Old Virginia Tobacco

P1233

Reg. No. 154,011

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But what if you could bring baby WEALTH as well as HEALTH? Mothers, you *may* do this—Nestlé's give you the chance.

For HEALTH'S sake feed baby on Nestlé's Milk—a pure, wholesome, easily digested food—a food with all the cream and life-giving vitamins. Thousands of babies are living evidence that Nestlé's Milk and HEALTH go together.

And baby's chance of WEALTH is in Nestlé's Competition. Each tin of Nestlé's bears a coupon. Collect twelve coupons and you secure a free entrance ticket for a simple and interesting competition in which over 1,500 Cash Prizes are to be won.

First Prize £2,000. Second Prize £1,000. Third Prize £500, and many others of smaller value.

How wonderful if you were to win £2,000 for baby! Buy Nestlé's to-day and ask your Grocer for details of the competition, or send postcard to

Owing to the great success of this Competition, the date for sending in coupons for Entrance Tickets is extended to 15th Dec.

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Dept. T:

6-8, EASTCHEAP, E.C.3.

"The Greatest of These—"

(*Continued from page 42*)

2s.; A. W. (Shadwell), 2s. 6d.; "Bluejacket," 5s.; "Sailor," 1s. 6d.; S. A. (Wallasey), 10s.; "One Ninth," 3d.; A. K. (Ashton-on-Lune), 12s.; "Melton Mowbray," 2s.; Mrs. S. P. (Plymouth), 1s. 1d.; Mrs. C. M., 7d.; J. N. S. M., 3d.; "One Ninth," (Dovercourt), 14s. 1d.; Mrs. F. R. (Dymchurch), 1s.; "Sagittarius," 4s. 6d.; Jock, 1s.; Anon., 1s.; W. L. (Abingdon), 1s.; "Enigmatic," 2s.; Anonymous," £1 10s.; "Emma Jane," £2; "Ninth," 1s.; M. W. (Borobridge), 2s. 6d.; "Ninth," Memory of Our Joan," 2s.; H. E. M. B. (Bexhill), 1s.; "Thanksgiving" (Salford), 2s. 6d.; S. J. P. (Murton), 1s. 4d.; A. K. (Harrogate), 1s.; "Noln," 7½d.; Anon., 6d.; T. P. (Scunthorpe), 1s. 9d.; "6 Cam. Highs.," 4s. 6d.; M. H. (London), 1s.; E. G. (Sheffield), 6d.; Mrs. T. (Bellingham), parcel; Anon. (Plymouth), parcel; M. E. S. (Sandy), 1s.; Mrs. E. C. S. (Glasgow), 1s.; "C.-on-M.79," 3d.; "Jessie," 1s.; Lil., 1s.; Old Navy," 2s.; E. P. (Liverpool), 1s.; W. F. W., 10s.; "T. P. 9th," 1s. 6d.; Nebo, 6d.; "The Widow's Mite," 6d.; H. C. A. (Wembley), 1s.; "Edsell," 2s.; "Herbert," 1s.; Mrs. E. C. (Plumstead), 6s.; A. W. (Driffield), 2s.; "Charity," 1s.; J. M. (Glasgow), 6d.; R. E. (Camden Town), 2s.; Mrs. H. H. (Birmingham), 1s.; "A Reader" (Uckfield), 1s. 1d.; H. S. (Malvern), 1s.; "Viola" (Swinton), 2s. 6d.; "A Struggling Mother," 6d.; K. W. G. P., £1; Anon., 2s.; H. B. (London, W.), 1s.; L. B., 1s. 3d.; Anon., 1s.; "Old Ex-Oster," 2s.; "Dundee," 5s.; H. B. (Southport), 5s.; J. E. S. (Pocklington), £1.

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(*Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.*)

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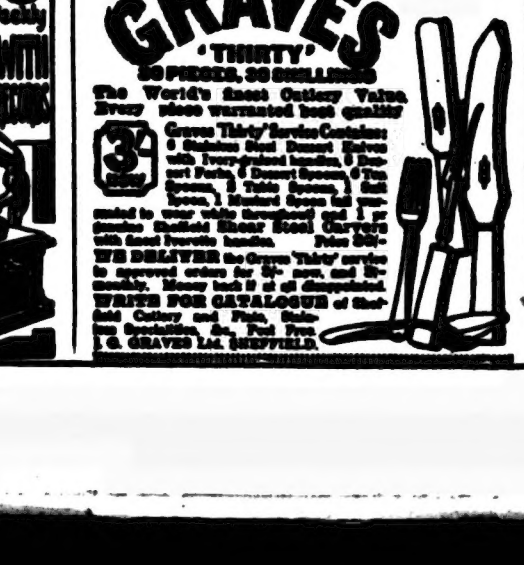

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COMIC Postcards, B'days, Xmas Cds., Novelties. 1/- brings goodly samples, special prices and cat. J. B. Hughes, 368, Dudley Rd., B'gham.

AGENTS WANTED.

"FREEMAN'S Spare-Time Agency.—See Large Advert. on page 6.

XMAS Chocolate, Cigarette and Toy CLUBS. Agents wanted. Best terms in the trade. Good commission. Fine presents to all agents. No outlay.—Hope (Colne), Ltd., Dept. 125. Colne, Lancashire.

AGENCY.—Add to your earnings by representing in spare time old-established firm selling Boots, Clothing, Drapery, etc.: any man in regular work can apply, good comm., liberal supply samples, splendid catlg.; no outlay whatever. Dept. J., Bessant, Bright St., Leicester.

A WONDERFUL AGENCY.—Agents wanted for our Renowned Series of Private Xmas Cards. Orders secured easily; no outlay; highest commission. Free Books and Valuable Presents.—Apply, Dept. J.B., ART PUBLISHING CO., PRESTON.

AGENTS, CHRISTMAS CARDS. The CITY Series this year excels all previous issues. HIGHEST COMMISSION. LOWEST PRICES. Album FREE. See it at our expense. Earn £5 to £50 WITHOUT OUTLAY and share in our £2,000 PRIZE SCHEME.—Dept. 169, Private Xmas Card Manufacturing Co., Blackfriars Street, Manchester.

A BEAUTIFUL SAMPLE BOOK free to first 1,000 applicants to sell Private Xmas Cards. Choice designs. Latest novelties. Highest com. Valuable prizes.—Firth, Graham & Co., Dept. 126, Accrington. "A Firm with a Reputation."

AGENTS EXCITED!—Something really new and novel in Xmas Greeting Card Novelties, Calendars, Wallets, etc. All the latest and newest "Just-Out" Novelties. See this super-attraction sample Book, the greatest money-maker of the season. Good agents equipped immediately. No outlay.—Write, Lancaster Publishing Co., 19, Water St., Works, Lancaster.

AGENTS Wanted to Sell the CASTLE SERIES CHRISTMAS CARDS. Highest Commission and Prizes. Samples FREE.—Apply, CASTLE PUBLISHING CO., 51, Anchor Court, Preston.

AGENTS REQUIRED.—£3 weekly easily earned by becoming an agent for our world-renowned "Snowball" series of exquisite Christmas Cards and Calendars. The book that talks money. BIGGEST SALES, LOWEST PRICES AND HIGHEST COMMISSION. Samples free. —Minster Press, Preston.

XMAS CHOCOLATE CLUBS. Spare-time agents wanted. No outlay. Best makes only. Com. 4/- in the £1, 5/- in the £1 on £10 or over. Particulars Free.—Dept. J.B., Charles and C. Fox, 327, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO EARN £500 A YEAR? Splendid opportunities are open to trained salesmen. Firms of world-wide repute are eagerly seeking for such men and are prepared to pay handsomely for them. Mr. Wallace Attwood, Britain's foremost exponent of Scientific Salesmanship, is teaching, by post and Practical Demonstrations the Science of Selling to ambitious men. In six months and in your spare time you may qualify for a highly paid position as a Salesman even if you have never sold anything in your life before. A very interesting book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," will be sent to you post free on request. Send for your copy to-day.—The Wallace Attwood College, 26T, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. ('Phone: Chancery 7486.)

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece for Output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 198, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

PART-TIME AGENCY. — Splendid opportunity offered persons in regular employment to sell Clothing, Boots, Drapery, etc. Cash or credit. Liberal Com.—J. Holt (Dept. J.), 5, Paradise Lane, Blackburn.

THE MOTOR INDUSTRY NEEDS TRAINED MEN.—Drivers, Salesmen, Demonstrators, Mechanics, Chauffeur-Mechanics, and Fitters. Let the British School of Motoring quickly train YOU for a well-paid job. The best equipped School in London. Introductions to positions free of charge. Lowest fees.—Call or write, British School of Motoring, Ltd., Head Office, 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

BOYS WANTED; SPLENDID OPENINGS IN AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, CANADA; free farm training; assisted passages; ages 16 to 19.—Apply, Secretary, The Salvation Army, 3, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.4, or 12, Pembroke Place, Liverpool.

BECOME A CERTIFIED BOOK-KEEPER.—Postal tuition, 10/- month. Post found when qualified, or fee refd. Booklet, testimonials free.—City Correspondence College (D.9), 69, New Oxford Street, London.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE requires Carpenters for training as Carpenter Riggers, Clerks General Duties and Pay Accounting, Cooks and Butchers, Fitters for training as Fitters Aero-engine, Hospital Orderlies, Photographers and Amateur Photographers for training as Photographers. Age limits, 18 to 30. Allowance for wife and children to men of 26 and over.—Write, stating age, or call: R.A.F. Recruiting Depots, 4, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2, 41, Church Street, Birmingham, or 105, New Bridge Street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE? Your advertisement inserted in 50 Provincial or London and Suburban Newspapers, 7/10; 26 country, 3/6. Covering Wales, 3/6. Many others. Prospectus free. —Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London.

SAY! HERE'S YOUR OPPORTUNITY. BIG MONEY can be made in candy and Chocolate business with new system. You can make our SPECIALITY CANDIES in your own home or open up shop or factory. From £5-£30 per week can be made with very little outlay. We teach either personally or by mail, any distance, success guaranteed. We supply all ingredients. Opportunity lifetime; anywhere. Enclose 2d. stamp, free bait.—Liberty Candy Co., Summit Hse., Langham Place, Regent St., London, W.1.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. —Write, Noble Bros., Pelham St., Nottingham.

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners. Write for advice and list H.—Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.1.

GREAT Cutlery Bargain. Best quality Firth's Stainless Cutlery, 80/- worth offered at the Bargain price of 27/6. Splendid value.—Write for full particulars to The Universal Cutlery Store, 48, Tavistock Street, Nelson, Lancs.

CARNIVAL Goods, Balloons for Dances, etc. Also Advert. Balloons, Lowest prices.—"Unceedus," 108, Arundel Street, Portsmouth.

BEACON OILSKINS KEEP YOU DRY FOR LITTLE MONEY. Men's Coats from 15/6, Leggings 5/-. Send for 100-page Beacon Catalogue to-day and laugh at wet.—Barbours, Ltd., 67, Beacon Buildings, South Shields.

PEACH'S Panel Curtains, Fadeless, New Idea, Catalogue free. Filet Nets, Casement Fabrics, Cretonnes, Linens. Factory Prices.—S. Peach and Sons, 140, The Looms, Nottingham.

BABY-CARS direct from works on approval, carriage paid. Cash or easy terms. 50 lovely designs; cushion tyres. Art Catalogue free.—Godiva Carriage Co. (Dept. 28), Coventry.

CHINA for Households, Churches, Schools, Institutions, Caterers, at factory prices. 21 years' reputation; catalogue free.—Century Pottery, Ltd., Dept. 120, Burslem, Staffs. Est. 1903.

BUY DIRECT FROM FACTORY.—Send a postcard to-day to H. Samuel, the Empire's Largest Jeweller, for his big FREE BOOK of 3,000 BARGAINS, and see what you save by buying direct at FACTORY PRICES. Free prizes for all buyers. Ladies' or Gent's half-marked Silver Wrist Watch, 7/11; nickel-silver pocket watch, 3s. 9d.; Gold Bracelet Watch, 19/6; case of plated Fish Eaters, 12/6; oak Biscuit Barrel, plated mount, 6s. 9d. Thousands of other amazing bargains in the Big Free Book. —Write now to H. SAMUEL, LTD. (Established 100 years), 199, Market Street, Manchester.

WHEN SENDING
Write your name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send Money and Treasury Notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

The Mail Order Market

A Perfect Postal Service for Bargain-Hunters.

YOUR PROTECTION.
The JOHN BULL guarantee covers all offers in this section. You can send your money as safely as buying across a store counter, so post your order to-day.

PAY FOR YOUR NEW SUIT AS YOU WEAR IT

Gent's Suits made to measure in the latest styles of cloth, perfectly tailored. Pay 10/- down and the rest in easy monthly instalments, until you have paid in all **59/6**

Before placing your order elsewhere write for Patterns, Catalogue and simple Self-measurement form.

J. B. THORNE & Co
36 LANGHAM ST., LONDON, W.1.

PERMANENT WAVES IN TWO MINUTES.
THE HOME MARCELLER

For Bobbed, Shingled or Long Hair.

Price complete **2/6** Post Free

A Child can use it. No Electricity, Singeing, Sticky Lotion.

We will forfeit the sum of £100 if the Home Marceller fails to perfectly wave hair in 2 minutes.

F.H. DOCKING, 16a, STRAFFORD, LONDON, W.C.2.

Ladies' or Gents' 12/-

TRENCH COATS 12/9

Fawn or Navy

Double Breasted Trench Coats, rubber check lined throughout, buckle, ventilated, tab cuffs, comfortable, easy fitting. Stock sizes. Gentlemen: 34 to 42 ins. chest over vest; Ladies' sizes: 44, 46, 48, and 50 ins. length. Sent on approval P.O. 12/9 and 24. postage. Officers, genuine 4-in-1 Trench Coats, Fawn or Navy, 24/6, postage 1/-.

Gentlemen's Ulster OVERCOATS 29/6

Ready for wear, 34 to 42 chest, Double Breasted, Velvet Collar, or Grey Cheviot self collar. State if Belt back or plain. Send on Approval. P.O. 29/6, Postage 1/- Give chest measure over vest.

THOMPSON'S (Dept. 56), 102, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.

THE BOLTON

From 1/3 per week or 5/- per month

Direct from Factory. **2/6 DEPOSIT** IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.

Carr. Paid on approval from **£2:17:6**

Cash or Credit.

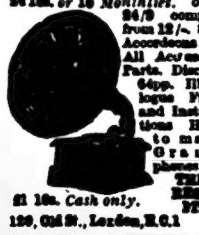
Write for fully illustrated free Catalogue showing all latest models.

S. BOLTON, 408, Kingsland Rd., E.8
DEPT. No. 10

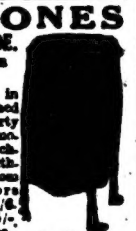
RIFANCO-PHONES

BRITISH MADE. DIRECT from FACTORY.

Carriage paid in U.K. Established 21 years. Thirty Types of Gramophones, also mechanical parts without wood from £4/9 complete. Motors from 12/-. Sound-Boxes 2/6. Accordeons 5/6. Violins 15/-. All Accessories or Repairs. Parts. Discounts to dealers. 64pp. Illustrated Catalogue Free, and Instructions How to make Gramophones, 2d.

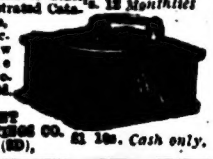


£1 10s. or 10 Monthlies.



£1 10s. or 12 Monthlies.

£1 10s. Cash only.



£1 10s. Cash only.

THE RIFANCO PHONES CO. (SD), 120, Old St., London, E.C.1

SHEEPSKIN RUGS

30/- Every Rug Worth 50/- Chance of a Lifetime.

Beautiful thick Sheepskin Rugs, Soft and Silky Wool. Very cosy for winter. Stoutly backed in black. Full size (65 x 27) Jet Black only 30/- each. Curly Lincolnshire Sheepskin, Black, short wool, lined serge, 60in x 30in, 20/6. Lincolnshire Sheepskin, Super Long Wool, 58ins., Black, handsome, lined felt, 70 x 30in. 70/6.

All Carr. pd. Satisfaction G'teed. Hundreds of testimonials received from old customers.

Carpet List Free.

ROBINSON Bros. (Dept. J.B.)
10, Withy Grove, MANCHESTER.
London:
Room 4, 68, Oxford St., W.

SAMPLES FREE

FLOOR COVERING

Thicker than Linoleum.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

Waterproof, Rotproof and Sanitary For either Brick, Stone, Concrete or Wood Floors.

Being stainless, a damp cloth is all that is required to clean it. Supplied in rolls containing 60 square feet for £1. 120 square feet £2. Longer lengths pro rata.

ALL ROLLS ARE TWO YARDS WIDE.

The only floor covering made that can be used on either wood or damp stone floors. Send for free samples of the actual material and admire the exclusive designs and beautiful finish—the work of the master craftsman

J. B. ANDREWS & SONS, 30 Carter St., London, S.E.17

FAYDNOTTE FADELESS CURTAINING

8½ per yard

WITH A GUARANTEE

PATTERN SENT POST FREE.

A beautiful selection of guaranteed "FAYDNOTTE" Fadeless Fabrics in Casement Cloths, Marquisettes and Insertions, Repp, Poplins, Cretonne Stripes, Mercerised and Unmercerised Cretonnes.

CREAM CASEMENT CLOTH 54ins. wide. Per yard.

CASEMENT MFG. Co. (Dept. JB)
ALBION ST., HULME, MANCHESTER.

Furnishing Catalogue on Application (post free)

The **RADIO OAK** Jacobean Style **BUREAU.**

Massive and solid. Smartly ball headed. Top fitted pigeon holes (easily removable), lock and key, 4 in. drawer under with drop handles. 3 ft. 6 ins. wide, 3 ft. 6 ins. high, 12 ins. deep over all. Rich brown Jacobean shade.

Ideal for Wireless Cabinet. **57/6** Carriage paid England & Wales.

WRIGHT & ASHLEY (Dept. J.B.)
7, Amhurst Parade, London, N.16.
'Phone: Clissold 3080.

LOOK BEFORE YOU BUY!

AT OUR PATTERN BOOK OF

CASEMENT CLOTHS

ALL STYLES from 3½YD.
CRETONNES from 7½YD.
POST FREE PATTERNS
ORDERS VALUE 20/- AND OVER CARRIAGE PAID.

LUDLOW'S
F.25 The Looms, Bradford

FLOORCOVERINGS

Thicker than Cork Lino. Damp proof, Rotproof and Sanitary. Suitable for Wood, Stone, Brick and Concrete Floors. Lays flat without any fastening.

Per **2/-** Sq. Yd. Carr. Paid.

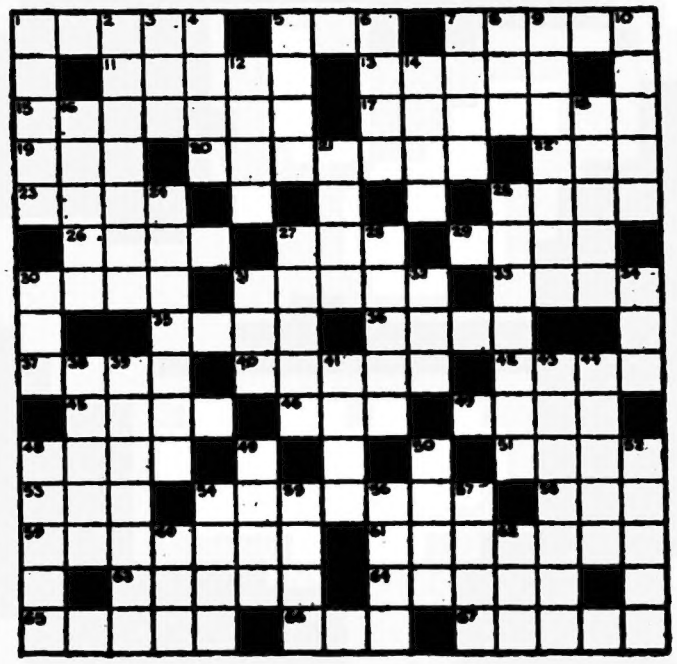
SEND FOR FREE SAMPLES.

CHAS. JONES & SON

(Dept. J.B.)
83, BOROUGH ROAD, LONDON, S.E.1
Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Our Cross-word Corner — *For Amusement Only*

Get Out Your Pencil!



DOWN CLUES

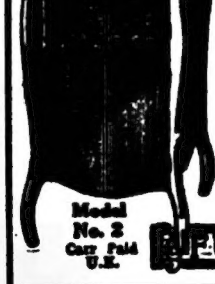
1. Biblical character.
2. Suspicious.
3. A sphere.
4. Garment.
5. Yield.
6. Excuse.
7. A grating.
8. From the fowl.
9. Famous rocks.
10. A sylvan god
12. Paper size.
14. Rod connecting wheels.
16. Strained.
18. River in U.S.A.
21. Peruse.
24. One who bears testimony.
25. Turned red.
27. Icy.
28. Bestowed.
30. Sack.
31. Centre.
32. Atmosphere
34. Worthless.
38. Proverb.
39. Penitent anguish.
41. To turn.
43. Messages.
44. Highways.
48. Custom.
49. Russian river.
50. Bundle.
52. Famous commerce raider.
54. Exclamation of derision.
56. Portable shelter.
58. Repeated sound.
59. Eleven footballers.
60. Human organ.
62. Part of verb "to be."

ACROSS CLUES

1. The greater.
5. Vessel.
7. Species.
11. To eat away.
13. Big.
15. Wounded.
17. Urgent.
19. Fish.
20. Green.
22. A pasha.
23. Comes in winter.
25. Blemish.
26. Case at law.
27. Stage repartee.
29. Product of brewers.
30. Better than all.
31. Means.
33. Employed.
35. On the finger.
36. Contends.
37. French for station.
40. Underwater worker.
42. Collection of beasts.
45. Office furniture.
46. Lair.
47. Nothing.
48. Seen in provision shops
51. A spirit measure.
53. Past.
54. To draw back.
55. Fuss.
57. Lost by death.
61. To free from dirt.
63. The devil.
64. Compote-bowled.
65. Rams.
66. A pair.
67. Intermediary.

Another Fine Crossword Puzzle in "The People" on Sunday.

THE -BOLTON



6½ GNS

or six monthly payments of 24/-.

Direct from the Factory

Write for New Catalogue FREE.

Mahogany-finished Cabinet Gramophone, as illustrated, reliable double spring three record motor, high-grade Soundbox. Holds 100 Records. Latest 1925 improvements. A full range of models on view at

THE CABINET GRAMOPHONE CO.
(Dept. J.B.11A.)
72, CAMDEN RD., CAMDEN TOWN, N.W.
Tel.: North 2356.

Model No. 2 Carr. Paid U.K.

FREEMANS

Celebrated **SPARE TIME AGENCY**

CASH OR CREDIT

Boots, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Linn, Drapery, Gramophones, Wireless, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

How to regular employment appointed as Agents

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission paid.

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT. Inquiries (stamp) Agents invited

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

THE WORLD'S BEST Adjustable Headphone.

1/- Deposit.

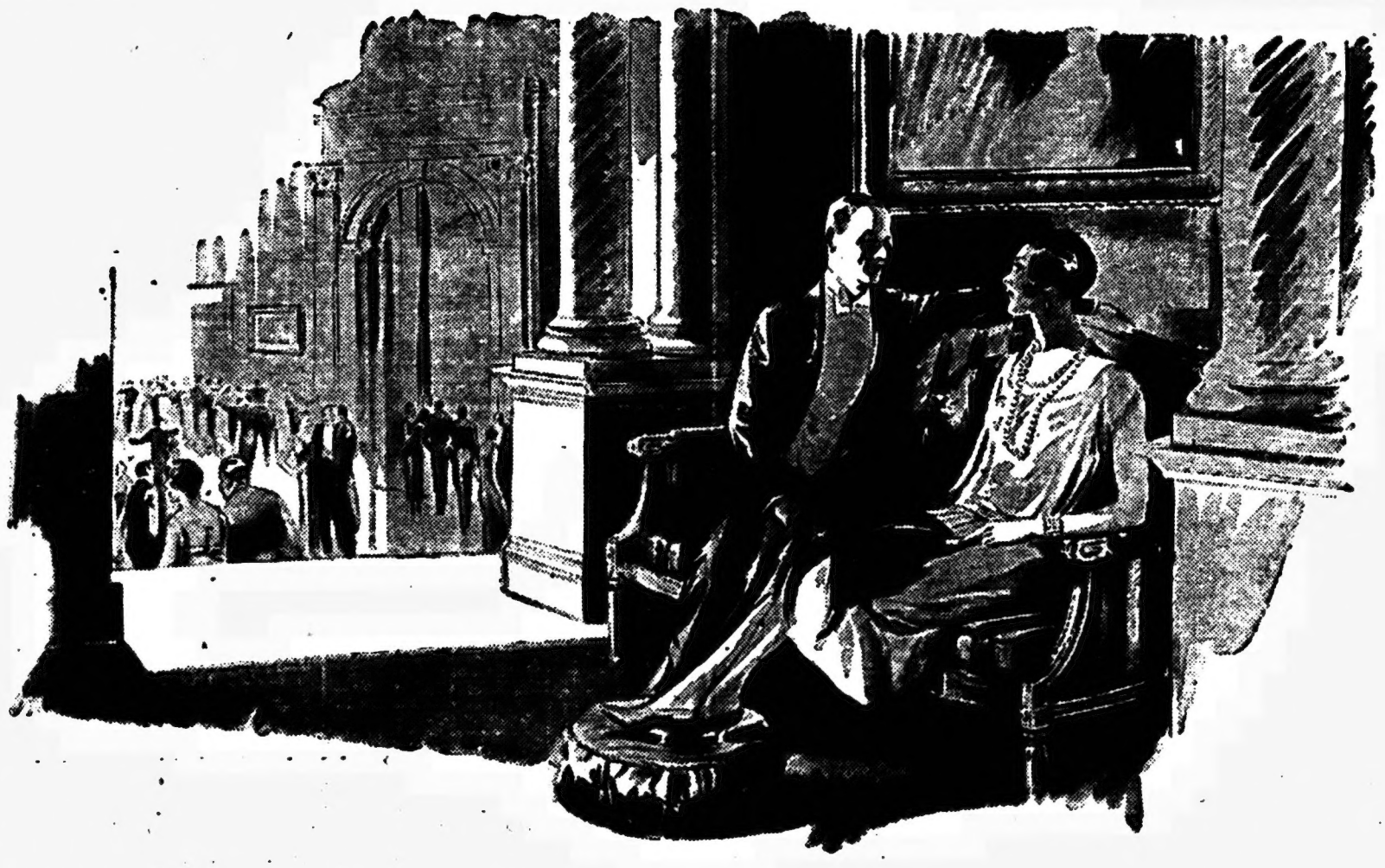
The Excelsite Adjustable Headphone

is the last word in PERFECT RADIO RECEPTION.

Guaranteed 4,000 ohms. Exceptionally strong adjustable steel magnets, heavily plated double solid leather headbands. Light and comfortable to wear. To advertise the quality of our goods we will send a pair of these Excelsite Adjustable Phones on receipt of 1/- deposit. If perfectly satisfied you send 5/6 on delivery and 6 monthly payments of 5/- or 12/6 cash in 7 days.

Latest Free Catalogue on application.

THE [illegible] Co., 14 (Dept. J.B.), 17 Petter Hanover Street, Newington, W.10.



light feet lightly clad

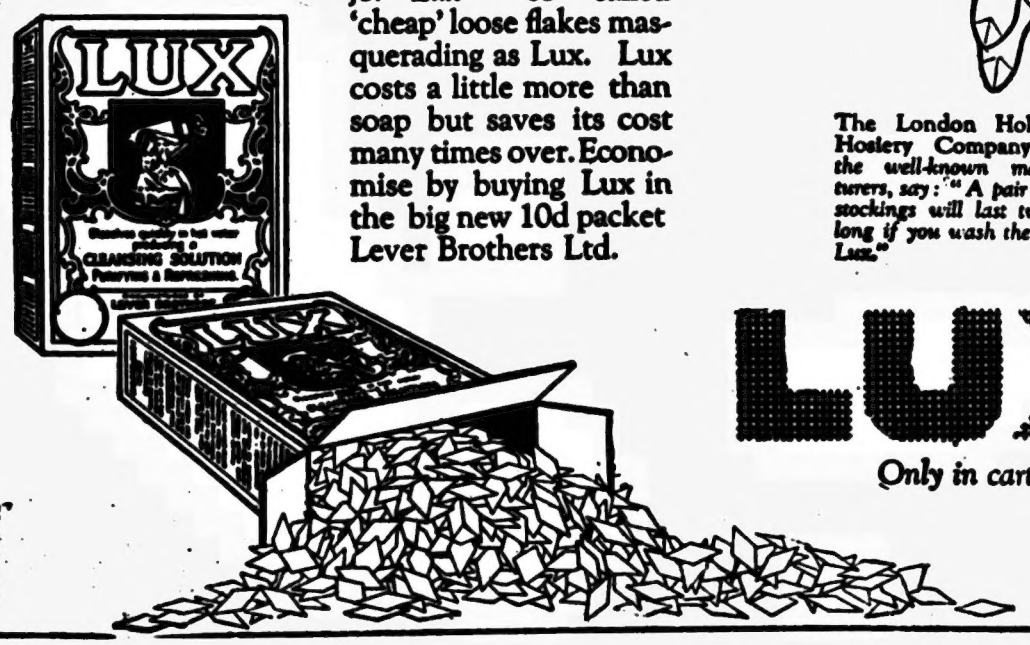
Light stockings are *de rigueur* for the modish woman, but they must be absolutely immaculate, close-fitting and without a crease. Nothing is more slovenly than a loosely-stockinged leg, or twisted mud-splashed hose. The daintiest foot is spoiled if it is not suitably clad. Diaphanous hose appeal to every truly feminine mind, but there is always the problem—how will they wash?

Keep your silk stockings lovely with Lux and wash them very frequently. The lighter and daintier they are, the easier it is to wash them with Lux at home.

Whip Lux in hot water, add cold water until barely lukewarm and squeeze the cleansing suds through the stockings. Rinse and rinse again, squeezing without twisting. Ironing is unnecessary, and great heat, wet or dry, is danger to silk fabrics. You will find stockings lose none of their sheen, but retain the pearly transparency which is so attractive; neither will they lose their shape by stretching or shrinking.

Don't accept substitutes for Lux — so-called 'cheap' loose flakes masquerading as Lux. Lux costs a little more than soap but saves its cost many times over. Economise by buying Lux in the big new 10d packet Lever Brothers Ltd.

The London Holeproof Hosiery Company Ltd., *the well-known manufacturers, say:* "*A pair of silk stockings will last twice as long if you wash them with Lux.*"



LUX

Only in cartons

For dyeing and tinting use Twink—which is Lux in a choice of 24 fashionable shades. In cartons at 4d and 7½d

LX 847-100-100

COUPON No. 7 appears on bottom left-hand corner of back cover this week.

LADIES, TOO!

In these days the Genuine 10/6 "Gillette" Set, which 'John Bull' is presenting free, will be found an ideal gift for women as well as men.

NOW

FREE!

One for you *and* One for your friend

Guaranteed by "Gillette" Safety Razor, Ltd., to be a Genuine Set Value —

10/6

THIS is your very last chance to share in "John Bull's" "On to the Million" Gift Offer. Unless you act **at once** the opportunity will have gone for ever.

We wish we could reproduce here the case in its true colours—a rich royal purple—and show off to full advantage the silk and velvet lining. You will be charmed with its unique oval shape—a novel and elegant innovation. We wish also we could actually let you see how handsomely silver-plated is the razor itself—the famous razor, which is complete with blade and which is known in the four corners of the earth.

There is no advertising matter on razor or case and this wonderful gift will be sent straight to you and your friend from "Gillette" headquarters in London.

The Forms opposite must be received by "John Bull" not later than first post Saturday, Oct. 24

OR NEVER!

JOHN BULL'S GREAT GIFT— YOUR LAST CHANCE!

The Forms below must be received by "John Bull" not later than first post Saturday, Oct. 24.

HURRY! HURRY!! HURRY!!! You have now only a few days left if you wish to take advantage of "John Bull's" great "On-to-the-Million" gift offer.

Before this wonderful offer is finally withdrawn, "John Bull" gives its readers **this one Last Chance** of sharing in the most gigantic and generous gift distribution ever made by any paper in the world.

"John Bull" readers have responded to our call with splendid loyalty and enthusiasm, and now that our offer is just about to close we do not wish to feel that any reader is going to be disappointed through delaying his application for our Gift until too late.

Here is an opportunity—one that will never occur again—of securing a "Gillette" Razor Set (*Guaranteed by "Gillette" Safety Razor Ltd., to be a new and genuine Half-Guinea Line*) both for yourself and for a friend, absolutely FREE.

Remember—the Forms below must reach "John Bull" not later than first post Saturday, October 24.

Act at once. There is not a minute to lose.

All that you are asked to do is to introduce "John Bull" to only one friend **who is not already a reader.** All that your friend has to do is to give "John Bull" a trial for eight consecutive weeks.

As proof that both you and your friend have purchased "John Bull" for eight successive weeks, you are both asked to cut out and affix eight consecutively numbered coupons from the bottom left-hand corner of the back cover of "John Bull" to the Gift Vouchers which will be sent to you on receipt of the forms at the foot of this page. Directly your own and your friend's Gift Vouchers are received by "John Bull" properly completed, you will each **immediately** receive a Genuine Half-Guinea "Gillette" Set FREE. **There is no "catch." There are no hidden conditions.** The only thing we ask is that you make quite sure that the friend you introduce is a genuine new reader, who has not purchased "John Bull" for the last three months. Coupons are now appearing weekly, so that you may begin to qualify without delay. So great is our faith in "John Bull" that we believe that those who in the first place are induced by our great offer to give "John Bull" a trial for eight consecutive weeks will decide afterwards to continue as permanent readers.

Don't Miss JOHN BULL'S Gift

Take the first step towards securing your Free Gift to-day. Post the forms below to "John Bull" without delay. Directly these forms are received by "John Bull" two genuine half-guinea "Gillette" Razor Sets will be specially set aside and reserved—one in your own name and one in the name of your friend.

But time is short—act at once or you may be too late!

Catch the Next Pot!

POST AT ONCE

Rules and Conditions.

The object of this Scheme is to get bona-fide new readers for "JOHN BULL," and if it should be found upon verification that the name of a person given as a new reader is already a reader of "JOHN BULL," both applicants will be disqualified for the Gift of a Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set.

A new reader of "John Bull" shall be held to be a person who has not purchased "John Bull" for the last three months.

No present reader or new reader may qualify for more than one Gift Razor Set. In order to qualify for the Gift Set, both the reader of "John Bull" and his friend are to purchase eight successive copies of "John Bull" between the issue now on sale and the issue dated December 12, inclusive, and to affix eight consecutively numbered coupons (cut from the bottom left-hand corner of the back cover of "John Bull") to Gift Vouchers which will be sent to them.

Under this Scheme fifteen coupons in all will appear in "John Bull." Coupons may be cut from any eight CONSECUTIVE issues as long as this scheme is in force. Thus, you may send Coupons Nos. 7 to 14; or 8 to 15.

No person may qualify by purchasing back numbers for either whole or part of the eight weeks.

Free Sets must be applied for on the special Half-Guinea Gift Voucher which is sent to each applicant.

When applicants have qualified for sets, they are each required to send 6d. to cover postage, packing and insurance of sets to their respective addresses. Apart from this there is no payment of any kind required.

This offer applies only to persons residing in the United Kingdom and the Irish Free State.

The Editor reserves the right to disqualify any applicant for any reason which he considers good and sufficient.

Cut Here—Do Not Separate These Forms

These Forms must be received by "John Bull" not later than first post Saturday, October 24.

YOU FILL IN THIS FORM

This form brings the 10/6 Gift Voucher

LEAVE BLANK

RESERVATION FORM A.

To be filled in by the reader of "John Bull" who is introducing a new reader.

This Form reserves a Genuine Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set in your name.

To "John Bull" (Dept. A.6), Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve a Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set in my name in return for my introducing the following new reader, who has signed Form B, and who undertakes to give "John Bull" a trial for eight consecutive weeks. Give Name and Address of **New Reader** below:—

.....

.....

.....

Please send me official Gift Voucher for the Free Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set. I have read and agree to abide by the conditions governing this offer. I am not already qualifying for a Free "John Bull" "Gillette" Razor Set under this Scheme.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

A.6 DATE .....

ARE YOU A REGISTERED READER OF "JOHN BULL"? .....

(Required for reference purposes only. Please state "Yes" or "No.")

N.B.—If you are not already a registered reader you may if you wish enclose Registration Form from page 2 of cover.

NEWSAGENT'S NAME AND ADDRESS:—

.....

.....

.....

J.B. 17.10.25. PLEASE WRITE VERY CLEARLY.

No person may qualify for more than one Gift Set.

YOUR FRIEND FILLS IN THIS FORM.

This form brings the 10/6 Gift Voucher

LEAVE BLANK

RESERVATION FORM B.

This Form MUST be filled in by the new reader who is introduced by the reader of "John Bull."

This Form reserves a Genuine Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set in your name.

To "John Bull" (Dept. A.6), Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

This is to certify that "John Bull" has been introduced to me by (Give below name and address of **"John Bull" reader** who introduced you.)

.....

.....

.....

I am not at present a reader of "John Bull" and I have not purchased "John Bull" for the past three months, and I undertake to give "John Bull" a trial for eight consecutive weeks.

In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve in my name a Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set. Also, please send me official Gift Voucher for the Free Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set. I have read and agree to abide by the conditions governing this offer.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

DATE .....

NEWSAGENT'S NAME AND ADDRESS:

.....

.....

.....

(Please note that your friend will hand you your official Gift Voucher. It is being sent to him together with his own.)

PLEASE WRITE VERY CLEARLY. J.B 17.10.25.

These forms should be posted together by the "John Bull" reader in an unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

DO NOT SEPARATE THESE FORMS—POST THEM BOTH TOGETHER TO "JOHN BULL."

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A Christmas Gift your friends will appreciate

A fine Daylight loading, roll film, hand Camera, guaranteed made by the Kodak Company and taking pictures 3¼ ins. by 2¼ ins., who would not appreciate a present like this?

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We shall be pleased to post it, if you desire, with your greetings to any address you specify.

Snapshots like this can easily be taken by this free Camera

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Britain Backward.
The International Convention against night-work in bakeries adopted by the League of Nations at Geneva still lacks the backing of the British Government. Bread-making at nights is unnecessary and highly injurious to the workers engaged in it. What sinister influence is at work to hinder the Government from doing the decent thing?

Plucky Firemen.
The fact that horses were the principal occupants of a blazing building at Maidenhead did not hinder the local fire brigade from a magnificent display of courage. In the face of perils that might have deterred the bravest, the firemen returned again and again to the attack, with the result that a number of the animals were saved. Animal lovers everywhere will congratulate the brigade on their splendid pluck.

The Pedigree of Crime.
"Unemployment after I came back from soldiering drove me into the gang" is the explanation offered by one of the young men whom Mr. F. N. Charrington, the East End missioner, has persuaded to forsake the race-gangs and lead an honest life. Mr. Charrington has no hesitation in believing the man's statement. He knows, as we do, that unemployment is the prolific parent of crime.

Too Many Empty Houses.
When the Merthyr Corporation raised the question of where temporary accommodation could be found for evicted families it was suggested that several large vacant residences in the neighbourhood should be acquired by the Corporation. It is certainly time that something useful was done with some of the large houses that have stood empty for months in big towns all over the country.

An Official Swindle.
There is no shadow of doubt that since the present Government came into office unemployment benefit has been distributed with an extremely niggardly hand, the so-called "comb-out" having in some districts become a heartless swindle. It is time the Minister of Labour reviewed the whole situation in the light of the facts about unemployment, which are only too distressingly plain.

Buried Alive.
Edward Joseph Hughes, of Stonehouse, Plymouth, is dead, but does not know it. The Ministry of Pensions are quite certain that Edward is dead, that he was killed in action in France in 1916. The official records leave no doubt of it. Still Edward obstinately declines to believe it, and the local guardians can find no flaw in his story. Dead or alive, the good fellow has a healthy appetite, so the sooner the Ministry can clear up the mystery the better.

Cheating the Housewife.
As an excuse for selling loaves that were below the proper weight Harry Kear, of Newport, Mon, pleaded "evaporation" and a "slow oven." The magistrates, however, declined to accept these thoughtful explanations, and the unlucky baker was fined £5, with the option of a month's imprisonment. If the short-weight nuisance continues these convenient options will have to be struck out. Theft is theft.

Hospital Crisis.
The shortage of nurses in the great hospitals is becoming a serious problem. The salaries paid to probationers are so small that unless girls can draw on their parents they cannot afford to live away from home, even though provided with board and lodging; while in many directions the life might be made much less irksome without detriment to hospital discipline. These complaints call for careful enquiry. The claims of the sick are binding on the conscience of the nation.

Looking for Trouble.
The following advertisement appeared in the columns of the *Kentish Express*: "Young lady offers friendship to gentleman." This sort of thing should not be accepted for publication by any journal. If the writer is ignorant of the dangers to which she lays herself open, the editor, at least, should have more sense.

Capable Hands.
Sir William Joynson-Hicks made some remarks at Stafford upon which we urge his colleagues in power to act. He wisely advocated teaching the young to be skilled craftsmen. Most of the millions spent on elementary education are now devoted to producing clerks. A man who can make things has a better chance of getting his daily bread than a mere bookkeeper.

He Worked for the Poor.
"He worked for the poor" could be the epitaph of Mr. Thomas Smith, for seventeen years clerk to West Ham Guardians, who collapsed at a meeting of the board and died later. He toiled every waking minute of the day to secure adequate relief for the poor, and when some of the board questioned his loyalty, his heart broke. The members concerned must realise the crass futility of flogging a willing horse.

His Second Chance.
Letchworth possesses that admirable institution, a People's House, but not all its inhabitants have the manners to know how to use it. When Herbert A. Collett, aged nineteen, was ejected from the billiard-hall he threw stones through the windows, and on other occasions assaulted the police. The magistrates decided to give Collett another chance, his old firm offering to re-engage him. This hearing brings Collett to the cross-roads. Good sense must guide the way he takes.

The Human Machine

"Play Up!"

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

IT is a proud boast of the Englishman that he knows how to "play the game."

Playing the game means far more than having a sense of fairness, the ability to give one's fellows a square deal. It implies a complete realisation of Kipling's admonition that "the Game is more than the Player of the Game."

The players may often not understand the reason behind the moves of the game, they may only see the end dimly, but the Game is more than they, and their part is to do their job in the best possible way.

So in the Game of Life. We none of us understand the moves: only dimly, if at all, can we vision the end, but that matters little. We can still go on playing the game.

IT is no easy task. It means very often the subordination of our wishes and desires so that we may help to further the ideas of someone else. It means giving as freely as we receive, giving our ideas, our advice, our help and our encouragement.

Particularly our encouragement. Many a victory has been snatched from the very jaws of defeat because the despairing players were rallied by a few cheery words *that even the giver may not really have believed.*

It means the ability to take hard knocks with a smile, to be knocked down and come up smiling for more. It means the ability to suffer a deliberate foul without inflicting one in return. And it means "sticking" it to the very end.

The Union, Not the House.
An old saw says that "the fruit it bears proves the value of a tree." With this in mind probably the Liverpool Carters' and Motormen's Union have by a two-to-one vote decided neither to make a Parliamentary levy nor select a Parliamentary candidate. Officials can do their best work inside the trade unions they say—and they are right.

The Baby Savers.
Infant mortality in England and Wales in 1875 was 153 per 1,000 births; in 1902 it was 138, and in 1924 only 75. Thus in fifty years the death-rate for babies has been halved. The work of welfare centres and various associations working on similar lines has helped towards this remarkable achievement. More important still is the fact that the public have been told health facts in the popular Press. Knowledge means life.

A Despicable Scoundrel.
Charles Clinch, a married omnibus conductor, with three children, is a despicable cur who posed as a single man and won the affections of a Monmouthshire village girl while she was in service in London. Her baby was born last June and he has been ordered, at Raglan Police Court, to pay her 10s. a week until the child is fourteen years of age. This is the best that can be done in the circumstances, but it cannot make amends for his heartless deception.

Brains on Top.
Ernest Pickering, a Coalville boy, is not likely to be run over by a funeral. When the local Palais de Danse flared up Ernest dashed through the flames and turned off the gas. His jacket was burnt to shreds, but he showed that in a pinch he can keep a cool head in a hot place. Well done, Ernest.

The Old, Old Story.
Frances Lilian Biddlecombe, a smart, good-looking young woman, stood terribly downcast in the dock at Brighton pleading guilty to robbing a fellow visitor of jewellery. Drink and drugs were the cause of the downfall. She asked to be sent to a home, and the Salvation Army took her into its care. These pitiable, ruined lives are a dreadful commentary on the ease with which noxious drugs can be obtained in this country.

A Horrible Mess.
Slums in Exeter have reached a dreadful stage. In one district where, according to the Ministry of Health, there is accommodation for 360 persons, between two and three thousand are housed. In opening a sale of work for improvements to the adjacent church, the mayor, Mr. A. N. Pitts, said the "horrible mess" of the slums is not cleared up because people have forgotten that where there's a will there's a way. It is our opinion exactly.

The Best Laid Plans——
John Lowe is a young bank clerk who for months plotted, falsified books, and stole money from the Clydedale Bank, Barrhead, until, with defalcations amounting to £870, he escaped to London *en route* for marriage and a honeymoon trip to Australia. Detectives twigged the game and Lowe, at Greenock, was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. It's taking the short, and wrong, cut to wealth and happiness which lands such men into the bog. Worse than the imprisonment, Lowe's career is ruined.

Fun and Fortunes.
To tell fortunes professedly as an amusement, and without claim to occult powers, is not an offence against the law. The thing is done at almost every church and charity bazaar, to say nothing of Wembley. We sympathise with Mahomoud Bey Kandohar, a coloured man, who was fined £10 or forty-one days by the Caerphilly magistrates for "telling fortunes by craft" at sixpence a time. His defence was that he was openly conducting an amusement, and, as he caused mirth on the Bench by telling the fortune of one of the magistrates, he proved his point.

Britain's Disgrace.

Cattle in many districts are much better housed than the unfortunate poor at Oswestry, where eleven people are compelled by circumstances to regard a washhouse as a home. Conditions such as these are a menace to everything that makes life worth while, and a disgrace to the rural council that permits them to exist.

Vile Greed.

Certain Continental firms are shamefully exploiting the relatives of fallen British soldiers who desire to have wreaths placed on war-graves in France. Frequently the prices charged for these simple tributes amount to downright thieving, while in some instances wreaths ordered and paid for never reach the graves at all. It seems that not even the purest of human emotions are sacred to the money-grabbing profiteer.

Who's the Skunk?

When Nancy Blackmore, a pretty twenty-one-year-old girl of Maesteg, Glamorgan, was charged with stealing £7 10s. from a shop till at Blackpool, she collapsed unconscious in the police matron's arms when she heard her sentence of one month's imprisonment. She was not married, but had been living with a married man. Though there were no previous convictions against her this fellow refused to attend the court to speak on her behalf. It is not always the real criminal who takes the punishment.

Sacrificial Songs.

Samuel Higgins, of George Street, St. Jude's, is an unimaginative old man who catches birds for a living. Charged at Lawford's Gate with cruelty to a goldfinch and linnets, he was found with the birds in cages too small to stretch their wings, and with braces, pegs, and an instrument which compelled a bird to jump. We agree with Mr. Davis, the magistrate, who said it was an abominable way to earn a living. Higgins, at sixty-five, is a product of a past age. This generation, with its facilities for nature study, should know better.

The Chemist's Cocaine.

James Wimbush, a chemist's manager at Hailsham, Sussex, obtained large quantities of cocaine by forging panel prescriptions. At the Brighton Police Court it was stated that Wimbush was himself addicted to the drug, and the magistrates apparently believed that the large supplies found in his possession were for his own consumption. Unhappily, such statements are seldom true. The fact that drug-fiends take a devilish delight in persuading others to share their degradation is one of the great difficulties in the way of stamping out this hideous evil.

Money v. Character.

Mary Maud Stott, a native of Cheadle, is a woman to whom money is useless, though she steals and defrauds all she can from others. She has been in prison, she has brought down her three children to rags and dirt in a London slum, and yet she started out at twenty-one with a legacy of £25,000, which she squandered in fine clothes and extravagance. Again convicted of defrauding a firm of costumiers, Mr. W. Greaves-Lord, K.C., at Manchester City Sessions, sentenced Stott to fifteen months in the second division. Well deserved, no doubt, but was there ever a clearer case for a prison psychologist?

A Plague in Petticoats.

It is accepted that when a woman takes to any of the more shady walks of life she generally succeeds in outdoing the mere male. Such, at least, is the case in the moneylending business. We know of no more importunate poster of usury circulars than a lady styling herself "L. Howard," of Glasshouse Street, Regent Street, London, W.1. She persists in plaguing potential clients long after they have been given up in despair by her colleagues in trousers, and when she does hook a victim her rates of interest are shockingly extortionate. We repeat our many warnings against the lady.

The Boot for "Mr. Heathcote."

Two weeks ago we made some strong comments on the "Lonely Men and Women League," conducted by a "Mr. Heathcote," at 150, Southampton Row, W.C.1. We now hear from Mr. M. C. Hulbert, the agent for the premises, that "Mr. Heathcote," otherwise "Adam Arthur," "Sandy McNab," and "Arthur Hillcoat," was given prompt notice to quit. If all estate-agents were as diligent as Mr. Hulbert in ridding themselves of undesirable tenants, life would be made more difficult for many a scoundrel.

"Brides To Buy"

Age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of brides at the disposal of the *Matrimonial Post and Fashionable Marriage Advertiser*, which, according to R. Charlesworth, the editor, was founded in 1860. For a registration fee of £2 2s. and £15 when the knot is tied, he offers "unlimited personal introductions" until wooers by advertisement are suited. Some are "girls in business who would if necessary continue after marriage." We wouldn't stake two guineas on the chance of a woman not changing her mind!

Christmas Twists.

With the Christmas season drawing near, we feel it our duty to warn the public against bogus charitable appeals. That hardened swindler, Walter Blackburn, who reappears year after year, is at it again, working through one of his tools, Lt.-Col. Barrat, of 25, Battersea Park Road, S.W. "Be patriotic and help to build up a strong nation through the children," says one of his circulars. Dr. Johnson's dictum that "patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel" is justified in this case.

Unabashed Ashton.

The impudence of Henry Allen Ashton, of the London Financial Service, Ltd., 69, Fleet Street, E.C.4, knows no bounds. In spite of his exposure as a fee snatcher in these columns and elsewhere, he has lately written to our contemporary, the *People*, offering to supply "from ten to twenty questions and answers on Company law every week" *in return for an advertisement in its pages.* While Ashton's knowledge of company law is proved by the cunning manner in which he avoids falling foul of it, he has other points which do not commend him to legitimate journalism.

Down on the Farm.

T. C. Whitaker, of Twites, Blackmore, Essex, is having a run for his money, or, rather, for other people's money. More than a year ago we warned our readers against his advertisements in various newspapers offering "pure-bred white Leghorn pullets" at 25s. for six. His "pure-bred pullets" at that time proved to be little old hens long past their hey-day. An "Airedale dog," which he also advertised, changed into a mongrel pup on the railway journey. Our most recent complaint is that in return for a remittance he has sent nothing at all. Who said that dog and poultry breeding doesn't pay?

Hopes and Houses.

"Houses and How to Obtain Them" is the title of a pamphlet printed by Anderson, Armstrong & Co., Ltd., of 13, Upton Lane, Forest Gate, E.7. The advice given therein is that would-be owners should deposit £30 with Anderson, Armstrong & Co., Ltd., pay £1 per week for twenty-six weeks, and secure a mortgage for the balance outstanding on the house. In view of the meagre £700 capital of the company, and of the bitter disillusionment which has followed the flotation of weak-kneed housing schemes, we feel justified in suggesting that the proper title of the pamphlet should be "Houses and How *Not* to Obtain Them."

"JOHN BULL" pays
101 More Insurance Benefits
Total over 17,000
See page 2

Problems of Life

Carnal Temptations

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

A YOUNG man, a regular reader of JOHN BULL, writes to ask for moral guidance in a distressing experience which is far from being peculiar to himself, though he seems to think it is.

Dr. R. J. Campbell

He is naturally a clean-minded fellow—or so I judge from the tone of his communication—and the knowledge that he is liable to give way to fleshly cravings totally inconsistent with his usual manner of life is to him a source of deep humiliation and self-reproach.

He suffers much from shame on this account and is constantly asking himself what people who love and respect him would think of him if they knew him as he really is. He says he cannot describe the torment that his divided personality is to him. He is like two persons, each of whom hates and would like to destroy the other.

Let him realise, in the first place, that the task of unifying the personality is one that every man has to face. We are all confronted with the duty of bringing our natural impulses and desires into harmony with the best we can see.

THE nature we inherit is a bundle of propensities, and it is our business to moralise them, to bring them into obedience to the enlightened will.

Secondly, there is nothing to be ashamed of in being tempted any more than in falling a victim to disease; the shame is in ceasing to struggle against it.

There is a subtle danger in shame. It may hold a man down when he ought to get up; it may weaken him when he ought to be strong. It springs from a right source, but may be given a wrong direction.

No natural urge is in itself evil. Whether it shall turn to evil uses or to good depends upon the kind of expression we give to it. The very same impulse that, basely indulged, will sink man below the beasts is the dynamic of most of the great and beautiful things of life.

It is seldom wise to dwell long upon our falls. The proper thing to do is to learn from them and then cease to pay attention to them.

MODERN psychology strongly supports this view. The less we think about the appetites the better. We strengthen temptation by brooding on it. Generally speaking, we are more likely to prevail over our lower selves by "subliminating" our desires—that is, giving them expression on higher levels—than by merely crushing them.

The sub-conscious life is a storehouse of energy which may work either for the upbuilding or down throwing of character. Feed it with the best, and the worst will dwindle and die.

OUR APPEAL TO BODKIN

A TRIAL THAT MUST BE STOPPED

Harsh Police Methods

THE brutality of the official machine, with its unbending attitude in face of the most moving human considerations, was never thrown into more striking relief than by the strange and tragic story of Arthur Duncan Yarrow.

Yarrow is a disabled ex-Service man, with a splendid military record. He joined the Forces in 1914, and was discharged in 1919 suffering from the effects of wounds, gas and shell-shock. He was an invalid for years, but gradually improved until, during 1924, he was able to do a little work to supplement his pension. He was happily married to a wife who, delicate herself, was extremely devoted to him.

With the help of her mother, who lived with them at 127, Myddleton Road, Hornsey, N., she was able to give him all the attention he required. Except for an occasional fit he was well on the road to complete recovery when he would be able to fill his pre-war berth with a well-known firm of drapers, which was still open to him.

Doctor's plea ignored

On returning home one night in January of this year, he complained of pains in the head. Mrs. Yarrow called in the doctor, who prescribed medicine. His condition did not improve, and on the morning of January 27 the doctor decided to give him a sleeping draught.

There was some delay in the delivery of the draught, and the mother-in-law went to fetch it. Before she returned the invalid had an attack of wild delirium. He jumped out of bed and, seizing a stick which had been kept for the purpose of calling the old lady downstairs, he attacked his wife with the utmost frenzy.

Realising that her husband was quite insane, Mrs. Yarrow seized a razor, which was lying on the dressing table, intending to throw it out of the window. The demented man wrested it from her and drew it across her throat. She was able to escape from the house, and her next-door neighbour summoned the police.

Sir Archibald Bodkin, the Public Prosecutor

Both husband and wife were taken to the Middlesex Hospital. She was discharged at the end of a fortnight, and three weeks later Yarrow himself was transferred to Napsbury Mental Hospital for treatment.

Ever since the Public Prosecutor has been pressing the medical superintendent of the institution to hand over the patient for trial on a formal charge of attempted murder.

Merciful ignorance

This the medical superintendent, Dr. A. V. Neal, has steadfastly refused to do. He points out that Yarrow, who is now making a good recovery, is in complete ignorance of his attack on the woman to whom he is so deeply devoted.

Dr. Neal's considered opinion, which is supported by his assistant, Dr. H. F. Bodvel Roberts, and by the whole asylum staff, is that the ordeal of a trial would have a disastrous effect.

In the ordinary course, he is likely to be discharged as cured in a very short time. An appearance at the Old Bailey, even if it ended—as it undoubtedly would—in a complete acquittal, might mean sentence of imprisonment for life in a lunatic asylum.

The bands of red tape

Representations have been made by public bodies in North London, including the Hornsey branch of the British Legion, through their secretary, Mr. H. J. Caustin, but the Public Prosecutor will not listen to them. Within the last fortnight two detectives from his office have visited Napsbury further to press the claim of the police.

They explained to Dr. Neal that, in the interests of justice, the Public Prosecutor was bound to proceed with the trial, and that it was merely a question of having Yarrow formally discharged in order that the official record might be completed.

It happens that Mrs. Yarrow has stated emphatically that on no account will she give evidence against her husband. As she is the principal and only witness, it is difficult to see how even formal proceedings could be taken at the Central Criminal Court.

We appeal to Sir Archibald Bodkin to cut the red tape which is strangling decent human feeling in his department. If he can do nothing, surely there is sufficient authority at the Home Office to outweigh considerations of filing and docketing official police records.

The Bank Breaker Broke

A Scheme That Did Not Work

A FEW weeks ago we explained a project, launched by a Mr. William Richards, of Beausoleil, Monte Carlo, by which persons with a modest capital might earn a regular and substantial weekly income at that historic resort by a process of beating the Casino authorities at their own game. Now appears Mr. F. Boddington, of Fairview, Sherwood Park, Sutton, Surrey, with a strangely similar scheme.

From a letter addressed to a correspondent in touch with Mr. Richards, we gather that the latter has obtained all the necessary support he wants and that several disappointed applicants have been regretfully turned down.

A fortunate find

Among them is Mr. Boddington, but he has been fortunate enough on a flying visit to Monte Carlo to obtain not only the details of the scheme, but the names of several rejected partners.

"I am very anxious to make a start in this," he says, "having lost so much money in business this last few years that I am absolutely fed up with everything here. . . . I would be willing to fix your share of the profits at 1½ per cent. per day, or £9 per week, on each £100 you put in. . . . With regard to my own bona fides, I may say that I have lived in Sutton for many years and am well known here."

The Casino saved

We are able to confirm the last statement. Mr. Boddington, of Fairview, Sutton, Surrey, has been known to us for quite a time, and we have more than once thought fit to impart our knowledge to our readers. Eighteen months ago, we discussed an attractive proposition which he then offered to share with active or sleeping partners, and which did not materially differ from that which he now alleges he has borrowed from Mr. Richards.

At that time he invited a Westcliff-on-Sea gentleman to accompany him on a bank-breaking expedition to Monte Carlo, the finances being provided by the said gentleman, in return for which he was to receive £10 per week. The crash came in a fortnight, but the Westcliff gentleman, and not the Casino authorities was smothered in the ruins.

Nor was that Mr. Boddington's initial enterprise on the Riviera. Five years previously he had discovered his "infallible system"—infallible, that is, in enriching himself at the expense of his partner. He was, in fact, able to purchase his freehold house, Fairview, Sutton, Surrey, out of the proceeds.

Best left alone

At other times he had kept the Turf Guardian Society busy in filing his record as a defaulting bookmaker, and at one time had for partner—not sleeping—a man called Hennequin, who suffered imprisonment during the War for having promoted an anti-German league and misappropriated the funds. Mr. Boddington had best be left alone.

Birds of a Feather

A Very Select Club

IF Mr. Gordon Richards, of 19, Craven Street, Strand, W.C. 2, who calls himself a "general commission agent," does not watch his step, he will shortly find himself in for bags of trouble.

Although the address mentioned appears upon this fellow's stationery, he has not got an office in Craven Street. Mr. J. Ashby Dennis, an apartment agent, takes in his letters and allows him to use his telephone.

Richards has been advertising in the *Irish Independent*, Dublin, for a steward for a small Irish club in London, stipulating that £50 is required as a "guarantee."

In one case brought to our notice the applicant was an ex-Service man living in Mullingar. He received a typewritten reply from Richards informing him that he had been appointed as steward by the committee of the Irish Commercial Club, at a salary of £2 weekly. The address of the club was not mentioned.

A mysterious distinction

But the really interesting portion of the letter was the following sentence: "I am also instructed to request you to forward me a deposit of £10, which will be held by the committee until your arrival." Fortunately, the Mullingar fish did not bite.

A County Tyrone man was also attracted by Richards' advertisement. When replying to this candidate, Richards was presumably temporarily bereft of his—or Mr. Ashby Dennis'—typewriter.

He informed his Tyrone correspondent that he also had been appointed as steward, at 50s. per week. Richards apparently made some mysterious distinction between the two applicants, for in the latter case he only asked for "my agency fee of £1." It would appear that two stewards were required, instead of one.

J. Ashby Dennis is no stranger to us. Having regard to the way in which his apartment agency has been conducted in the past, it is not at all surprising that he should give house-room to a mug-hunter of the Gordon Richards type.

Safety of the sea

"Special attention to Irish clients" is a notice which appears prominently on Richards' notepaper. It is not difficult to guess the reason for this strange benevolence towards natives of the Green Isle. The Irish Sea rolls between him and the clients for whom he lays his traps. He knows that people living in remote parts of Ireland have but a slim chance of investigating his *bona fides*.

It is to be hoped that this warning will place Irish clients on their guard against such despicable tricks. Exhaustive enquiries throughout London have failed to trace the "Irish Commercial Club," and the secretary of the well-known Irish Club in Charing Cross Road states definitely that no such institution exists.

The Sucking Dove

Mushroom Estate-Agents

It is a pity that the law cannot be strengthened to deal more fitly with the mushroom estate-agent. With the continued house shortage, the opportunities of fraud in this particular field are manifold and intending bilkers are unrestrained by any fear of the police being able to interpret sharp practice as a case for criminal proceedings.

A widow lady of Kingston, with a house to sell, was introduced to a buyer through Ernest Dove, of Dove & Jenkins, formerly of 4, Grand Parade, Coombe Road, Norbiton, Surrey, and the buyer lodged with them a deposit of £71. Possession was given, and in due course a cheque for purchase price was forwarded to the widow, less the amount of the deposit. This she expected to have refunded by Ernest Dove, less his commission of 5 per cent.

Convenient retirement

Repeated applications, personally and through her solicitors, were fruitless, Ernest clinging tightly to the total amount of £71. He may have originally accepted the money with the honest intention of refunding it when the sale was completed and may have been prevented from settling by the exigencies of business which happen and which might temporarily overcome the most straightforward agent.

The fact remains that the widow had no means of recovery other than through the county court, and she was given a judgment summons.

Dove renewed his previous promises that all would be well and the widow would receive her money, but nothing further transpired. Finally, a committal order was granted by Mr. Justice Lawrence, and Dove, rather than settle the bill, retired for forty-two days in Brixton Prison.

The advice to follow

This did not release him from his obligation, but he could not again be committed for the same debt. Having already spent £15 or £20 on legal expenses, the widow was forced to drop the case. Meanwhile Dove disposed of his business.

Our information is that he has reopened business as an estate-agent at a new address and has full liberty to repeat his trick on as many small house-owners as can be persuaded to entrust him with the sale of their property. The point we wish to stress is that the law cannot touch anyone in his position who continues in his bad habits.

Our remarks apply equally to scores of business transfer and other agents who daily levy toll on the unbusinesslike section of the business community and who, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, escape even the threat of detention in Brixton.

The law being as it is, we advise the owners of small properties and businesses to "write to John Bull about it."

WE UNMASK ANOTHER GANG

CONFIDENCE TRICKSTERS DEFEATED

Secret Information for Police

In the ranks of criminal society there is the same strata as in social life. Last week we reviewed the plans of a gang of thugs—hold-up men who are at one end of the criminal ladder; this week we are able to expose the machinations of the criminal *elite*. A gang of confidence tricksters has now commenced operations on an extensive and elaborate scale in this country.

These criminals are five in number, including two very dangerous women, but just recently one has been "knocked off" by the police, a fact, however, which is not by any means affecting the operations of those who remain at large.

At the head of the gang is an Australian named Patrick O'Riley, known to his associates as "Australian Paddy," a man with a criminal record that encircles the whole world.

O'Riley's chief accomplice was another Australian named Walter Macdonald, known colloquially as "Australian Mac." The third male of the group is John O'Brien, or "Gentleman Jack," as the underworld knows him.

Women in the case

These three men found it necessary to their odious profession to use pretty, fascinating women, and to this end enlisted the services of a dark-eyed Jewess, named Clara Whiteley, who has been christened by the police, "The Woman with the Diamond Eyes," on account of her partiality for that class of jewel. The other woman in the case is a captivating and vivacious American girl, now known as "Blonde Alice."

This is the *personnel* of the most expert gang of confidence tricksters in the world, and we are able to state that they are now concentrating on this country. They will be operating in London and the big provincial cities during the next few months unless the police care to take advantage of the information we give in this article.

Thirty years of crime

It is to the credit of the police that the gang has received its first shock by the arrest and conviction of "Australian Mac," whose energies will be missing from the exploits of the gang for the next nine months at least.

"Mac" is over sixty years of age and has spent more than half of his life in crime, his first conviction being in 1892. This was in Australia and during the following seven years he was convicted five times for various offences.

"Mac" first came under the notice of the British police in 1901 when he joined "Australian Paddy's" gang, and from then on was often to be seen in the company of Paddy and O'Brien in the West End. He evaded arrest until four years ago, when he was "knocked off" for card-sharping.

On his release he resumed his place in Paddy's gang, but some while ago was again convicted. The gang had planned a big coup involving nearly £50,000. "Mac" with his confederates had travelled from Dover to Victoria in order to secure the dressing-case of Miss Ruby Wertheimer.

They understood that the case contained about £50,000 worth of jewellery, and on arriving at Victoria Station they secured possession of the bag and took it in a taxi to a nearby hotel. Imagine their chagrin when on opening the case they found only £260 in notes. In their disgust they abandoned the rifled case, and it was this blunder that led to Mac's arrest.

Chief-Constable Wensley of the Criminal Investigation Department

He is now in prison, but the gang is making up for his loss by concentrated activity. Their plans are to victimise the wealthy arrivals into this country from America and Australia. Already they have ruined one man, while they have two other victims ready for the flay.

Back to the homeland

The man in question, a farmer named Pryor, had done exceedingly well in America, and had come back to this country to resettle in the homeland. Paddy discovered that he had collected money from the American Express Company and this was sufficient for the gang.

"Diamond Eyes," using the name of Mrs. Gladys Beresford, eventually managed to get into conversation with him at the Queen's Hotel, Manchester, and in the course of a few days was sufficiently intimate to make it possible to work "the badger game"—framing up a bedroom scene—the victim being blackmailed by the "husband" of the woman.

A fortune in booze

In this particular case they more than succeeded, so much so in fact that their victim was totally ruined. Left with only enough money to pay his hotel bill and get to his native town in Devon, he is now working as a farm labourer.

Only two weeks ago another of the gang, "Gentleman Jack," was engaged in ensnaring a London business man in the same hotel. In this instance the confidence man discussed a proposition by which the Londoner was to finance a ship load of whisky which would be secretly imported into America, where, so "Gentleman Jack" assured his intended victim, a fabulous sum would be paid for the cargo.

This is a trick that the "con. men" have worked on several wealthy people. There is as much money being lost as made on the illicit drink trade.

The latest attempt by "Australian Paddy" and his associates was made a few days ago in the Adelphi Hotel at Liverpool. Discovering that a wealthy American, Mr. Allen Dougherty, of San Francisco, had checked in at that hotel, the two tricksters also took rooms there.

Fortunately for this gentleman a representative of John Bull was able to advise the Liverpool police of the plot that was being hatched, with the result that Mr. Dougherty was spared any further efforts on the part of the plausible crooks.

Enter—the woman!

We have good grounds for stating that the gang is now transferring its attentions to the metropolis, the plan being to work the largest hotels in the West End and then to recross to America in order to conduct the same operations at the Astor and the McAlpin Hotels in New York. In the working out of their plans a woman is an essential unit, and for this purpose "Blonde Alice" is due to arrive in London from Paris to-day (Saturday).

This diabolical woman is better known as "Chicago May," under which name she was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment at the Old Bailey. This was in connection with the attempt to kill Eddy Guerin, a notorious criminal who had escaped from Devil's Island. In this outrage "Chicago May" was associated with a man known as "Mexican Smith," who was deported to America and is now serving a life sentence in the San Quentin jail in California.

From the facts presented above and the information in their own possession, we are justified in expecting the police to initiate a serious attempt to round up these aristocrats of crime.

Red bees in the bonnet

It should, by way of a start, be possible to prevent Blonde Alice from entering the country and the movements of "Australian Paddy" and "Gentleman Jack" should not be difficult to trace. Once this gang is laid by the heels the dangers that beset the feet of the unwary will be considerably reduced.

Much of the time and energies of the Home Secretary appears to be engaged in chasing phantom "Reds" who are alleged to be invading this country. The public would feel reassured if he would devote that time and those energies in preventing the invasion of this country by international crooks of the kind here described.

THE MIDNIGHT GHOUL

A DISGRACEFUL AND VICIOUS CLUB

Places for the Bishop to Visit

OF the many anomalies in the licensing laws none is more glaring than the regulations affecting respectively the ordinary licensed premises and the day and night clubs, where the sale of intoxicants is permitted.

In the one case, the most reputable citizen may have difficulty in persuading the justices that he is a fit and proper person to become owner of a hotel or public-house. When he does acquire his licence, he must pay an annual tribute to the Exchequer of anything between £50 and £1,000 and the manner in which he conducts his house must at all times be exemplary.

Not so with the proprietor of the night or day club. Be he never so undesirable, he can obtain the necessary permission to sell anything from four-ale to benedictine in unlimited quantities by paying a registration fee of 5s. at the local police court.

Nor is he bound by those irksome restrictions as to hours which affect the publican. He can conduct his business at any time of the day or night, providing the total period does not exceed that observed by licensed premises in the district.

W'here is the promised Bill?

The situation is farcical. More than six months ago Sir William Joynson-Hicks announced his intention of introducing a Bill to deal with the admitted evils of the club system. For some obscure reason, the matter has been shelved, and the number of the fetid drinking-dens which the Home Secretary so soundly trounced grows apace.

Soho is seething with them. They are the rendezvous of the scum of the West End, and are frequently used as traps for the unwary visitor marked down as a victim of robbery or blackmail. Our Special Commissioner recently paid a round of visits to these so-called clubs. His observations provide some pretty material for the moralist.

The Oak Club, in Denman Place, Piccadilly, was found to have little about it reminiscent of England's arborial emblem. None of the frequenters was, in any sense of the term, "green." Known thugs, jailbirds with extensive criminal records and women of the most doubtful reputation were in force. He was not surprised to learn that complaints of robbery on the premises were frequent.

Comrades in— disgrace

So, as Pepys would say, to Ham Yard, which is fast gaining the reputation of being one of the most unsavoury spots in London. There is more than one resort in its purlieus which the police might visit.

Deeper into the garlic scents of Soho he found the Union Club, Frith Street, beloved of the Sabini boys and the professional ruffians, who call them "comrade" in the shady army of the race-gangs.

Even the Union Club paled beside the lurid "high lights" of the Radio Club in Old Compton Street. When the Joynson-Hicks campaign was heralded, the Bishop of London, as a member of the Council of Public Morals, announced his intention of visiting some of the less reputable haunts. We trust that he did not go near the Radio Club. He might never have recovered.

The approach to the place would delight a writer of the murkiest melodrama. It is through a darkened doorway and down some narrow, rickety stairs. A man at the foot scrutinises the visitor closely, but if the latter is with a member or can use a member's name there is no difficulty in obtaining permission to enter and spend money on the liquor of which there is a generous store behind the underground bar.

The club is furnished with a few tables and chairs round the walls, the middle of the floor being left clear for dancing to the accompaniment of a screechy gramophone.

During our Special Commissioner's visit there were about fifty street-women, many of them half drunk, whose occupation for the moment was to cajole drinks and money out of weak-willed male visitors. In the course of an hour he was importuned no fewer than eighteen times by ladies who were either thirsty or in need of a loan, or were anxious to depart with him for some other haunt.

Of the males present, many were of the lowest type, known, for want of a better word, as "protectors" of the women, who lend themselves for purposes of blackmail when occasion arises.

Evidence in plenty

The general conversation was unspeakably filthy, but the most dreadful thing of all was the spectacle of a young girl, not out of her teens, obviously under the influence of drugs, excitedly discussing her police-court convictions with some beasts who surrounded her. They plied her with drinks which she swallowed feverishly.

If the police wish further information to justify their raiding this disgusting place, we shall be glad to give it them.

A Limit to "No Limit"

Dawson's Conditional Offer

MESSRS. T. DAWSON, Ltd., turf and football accountants, make a fine art of self-contradiction. They first came under our notice in the spring of this year through an advertisement announcing that they had "One name. One motto. One address."

They proceeded forthwith to give two addresses—32, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2, and 67, Hope Street, Glasgow. The motto printed was "Bis dat qui cito dat"—"He gives twice who gives promptly." Here, again, T. Dawson, Ltd., belied themselves by causing a glut in our postbag of complaints from clients.

Many excuses

In each case they had a different explanation for their temporary abandonment of the firm's motto. One punter would be accused of having neglected to post his coupon, another of having failed to understand to what class of bet the "no limit" rule applied, while police-raids were made responsible for non-settlement of other claims.

Not a sport

We lost sight of T. Dawson, Ltd., for a few months, until they cropped up at Gresham Chambers, Gresham Street, Belfast, where headquarters had been moved from Charing Cross, London.

A client, Mr. Robert Ewing, of 47, Percy Street, Shankill, claimed to have won a shilling accumulator bet on six favourites, all of whom won. He expected to receive £28 7s. 6d. but when he went to draw his winnings Thomas Dawson offered £5 in settlement.

As "no limit" was printed on the docket received in return for the bet, Mr. Ewing refused the £5, and it was decided to submit the matter for arbitration to the sporting editor of the *Belfast Telegraph*. The latter advised Dawson to "be a sport and pay up," but Dawson wasn't having any.

According to Mr. Ewing, a subsequent call at Gresham Chambers brought a threat from the redoubtable Thomas to "break his neck downstairs." The case was taken to court and a decision given for the full amount of the claim, with costs.

Curiously enough, another of our readers had precisely the same bet on the same race, and received the same offer, £5 instead of £28 7s. 6d. Not being in a position to take legal action, he accepted.

The doubtful "if"

T. Dawson, Ltd., are now endeavouring to impress their clients by stating in a letter to the press that they intend to appeal against the recent court decision, and in the event of winning will hand over the amount in dispute to charity. A similar offer in the event of losing would be more sporting.

Bogus Bonus Blarney

The Charm of the Coupon

FOR the sake of clarity we throw out the suggestion to the National Bonus Company, of 30, Anlaby Road, Teddington, London, that they make a slight alteration in their title. To judge from the number of complaints which we have received against them, the letter "n" in the second word might well be changed to "g."

If we are to believe a circular issued by the National Bonus Company, of which the proprietors are H. Perry and H. T. Perry, they exist for the purpose of increasing the trade of small shop-keepers. "Our scheme," they say, "will undoubtedly prove of great advantage to you in competing with your larger trade rivals, more especially the Co-operative Stores and multiple shop concerns."

The baited hook

The bait held out by the National Bonus Company is that the housewife should be given coupons for every threepence spent with the shopkeeper and that, when she has filled a booklet containing 180 spaces, she should be rewarded with 3s. worth of goods.

The books are then redeemed by the N.B.C., who have already sold the coupons to the shop-keepers at "1,056 for 8s. 6d. and 2,112 for 16s." The experience of many small shopkeepers has been that when the day of redemption arrived, Messrs. Perry were found to have lost all interest in the fate of the little red and yellow stamped booklets.

A Chiswick man, who was anxious to get in touch with his Teddington neighbours, was informed that their head office had been removed to Bristol. We cannot hold out much hope that a change of address will mean a change of attitude on the part of the peregrinating Perrys.

Some time ago they became interested in a concern called the Imperial Bonus Company, and gave a shop-keeper written authority to take over any of the Imperial coupon books held by his customers. Five months later, he wrote reminding them of the undertaking.

A bad memory

Mr. H. Perry proved to have a very bad memory. "I am surprised to hear," he replied, "that you have an agreement signed by me to redeem Imperial stamps, as I have no knowledge of ever giving anything of the kind. However, if that is so, all you have to do is to produce that agreement to our Mr. Newton and he will redeem every book you have next time he calls."

The shop-keeper is still awaiting a more tangible acknowledgment. "You have to spend your money somewhere every week" is an aphorism coined by the Perry brothers. A bad way to do so is to invest in anything with which they are connected.

Agent and Undertaker

A Scandalous Arrangement

THE courts appointed as the result of the investigations of the Royal Commission on Industrial Insurance are justifying their existence. An insurance court held at Hull recently averted a wicked injustice to a policy-holder in the Britannic Assurance Company. For years premiums have been paid on a life policy in the name of Mrs. Florence Ann Leversedge, a widow with three children.

Mrs. Leversedge died, and her mother, Mrs. Redding, of 23, Scarborough Street, Hull, was left with the children on her hands. Being a poor woman she had no choice but to send two of them to an orphanage. Before doing so, she equipped them out of her own meagre resources.

The height of meanness

When she approached the Britannic Assurance Company for a balance outstanding on her daughter's policy, after the funeral expenses had been paid, she was met with a pointblack refusal. Her case was taken up by Mr. W. E. Mashford, of the Policyholders' Defence Association, who was able to reveal to the industrial courts an astonishing story of meanness and dishonesty.

The total amount due on the policy was £39. A sum of £12 16s. had been paid out, and the funeral expenses came to £16 8s. 3d., making a total of £29 4s. 3d. The company's agent, a Mr. Mowforth, considered that the balance of £9 15s. 9d. was not really owing to the relatives of Mrs. Leversedge and decided not to pay.

Instead of taking the straightforward course of putting in black and white his reasons for withholding the money, he approached the undertaker and persuaded him to fake his bill by adding the £9 15s. 9d. to the £16 8s. 3d. representing the real expenses.

A stinging rebuff

Mr. Mowforth did not deny the transaction when brought before the court. He appeared to think that as he was under the impression that Mrs. Leversedge owed him money, he was quite entitled to make whatever arrangement he liked. He further claimed to have acted on legal advice.

The Commissioner of the Court, Mr. Stuart Robinson, K.C., was as blunt as Mr. Mowforth was brazen. He told him that, whether his claim was legitimate or not, it was a "deliberate lie" to act in the manner he had done, adding, "I should not like to say what I think of the undertaker." Neither should we.

Mr. Robinson directed that the claim should be paid in full, and the representative of the Britannic Assurance Company undertook to do so. The latter stated that the company knew nothing about the matter, the sole responsibility resting with the agent. We are glad to hear it, and we trust that they will mete out the punishment to Mowforth which he so fully deserves.

GIRL SLAVES: Amazing Revelations

PARENTS' HOPELESS APPEALS

Inhuman Board of Control

WHEN Elizabeth Fry set out to reform the English jails, she was inspired by the noblest ideals. The result of her efforts was the creation of the world's most inhuman prison system. In curing small evils by greater, officialdom is playing a similar trick on the promoters of the Mental Deficiency Act of 1913.

The Act was passed with the intention of better caring for boys and girls with some mental or moral weakness. At the end of twelve years it has developed into a monstrous instrument of child-slavery and the forcible separation of mother from daughter and father from son.

The Board of Control, which administers the Act and has absolute power over the lives of the young people placed in industrial schools, has entirely departed from the spirit in which it was appointed. From time to time we have proved this by quoting cases of wrongful detention over long years. There are many more.

Powerless parents

In 1916 Mr. Frederick Gamlin, of Payton, Wellington, Somerset, consented to have his daughter, Amy, then aged twelve, placed in the Yatton Hall Industrial School until she reached the age of sixteen. In 1920 he applied for her release. This was refused on the very vague grounds that his consent for her to remain at The Grange Special School, whither she had been transferred, was "unreasonably withheld." No further explanation was given.

Since then the father has made repeated applications, personally and through his solicitors, but is confronted with the statement that Amy has developed "mental and moral weakness," and in the opinion of her guardians is better cared for by them than she would be in her own home.

No independent medical evidence is quoted in support of the view and the father is powerless to demand an examination by his own doctor. Amy has now reached the age of twenty-one, and if the Board of Control so decide may remain a prisoner for the rest of her life.

A delayed diagnosis

In 1914 Alice Dorothy Palmer, of Rectory Road, Bourton, Glos, was removed to Whittington Hall, Chesterfield. She was eighteen at the time, and her crime against society appears to have been a habit of staying out late at night. She was at Whittington for five years, spent three years at Stoke Park Colony, another period at Retford, Notts, and is now at the Cape State Institution, Warwick. For years her mother has appealed to have her home, but without success.

In 1918 the Board of Control baldly stated that "as the result of enquiries" they regretted they were unable to consent to her release. It was not until July, 1924, that they discovered she was "a mentally defective person still in need of institutional care and control." What had transpired in the six years' interval to bring her to that state they omitted to mention.

A letter written by Alice Palmer in August of this year to her brother and sisters proves her to be of perfectly sound mind. It is written with restraint and in a good hand, but is pathetic, for all that.

Sir Frederick Willis, Chairman of the Board of Control

"Eleven years," she says, "is a long time to be away from my parents. Had I been a downright wicked girl I would have known why I was shut away, and would have deserved my punishment . . . I am sorry I cannot help you in telling you who signed the papers for me to be put away. We shall know that much on Judgment Day. The Board of Control," she adds, "are very funny people to be dealing with." With this last sentiment we cordially agree.

Medical report ignored

Another eleven years' prisoner is Mary Morris, a Leeds girl at present detained at the Convent, Durran Hill, Carlisle. Originally taken from the care of her parents for non-attendance at school, she was in time classed, like so many of her kind, as a mental deficient.

There is Elsie Dixon, of Chester, who has spent four years at Rampton, near Retford, Notts. Last summer Elsie, a "mental deficient," escaped from the home and rejoined her parents. They took her to a local doctor, who certified her to be in good health, and to have "no symptoms of any nervous affection." The police took her back to Rampton, where she is likely to remain, in spite of the fact that she would be invaluable at home, where her mother is now ill and unable to cope with her three younger brothers who make up the family.

Board's wrong attitude

Many similar cases have been reported to this office. We do not suggest that in every one of them the Board of Control and the institution authorities have acted unwisely in denying freedom and home life to their charges. We do maintain that their general attitude is entirely foreign to our British ideas on the relationship between parents and children.

In an interview which a representative of JOHN BULL had not long ago with Sir Frederick Willis, chairman of the Board of Control, a great point was made of the fact that enquiries were made as to the financial circumstances and character of the parents before a decision was arrived at with regard to continued detention.

The reply of our representative was that it was better that a dozen children should be brought up in the poorest of homes than that one should be forcibly separated from the parents, who alone could be expected to exhibit true love and affection.

Holiday refused

A typical lack of imagination is betrayed by the medical superintendent of the Royal Eastern Counties Institution, Colchester. For five years he has had Kate Rebecca Brown among his charges. Last summer the girl's parents, who are very much attached to her, wrote requesting that she should be allowed a holiday with them.

The request was refused, and on the parents protesting the medical superintendent penned the following: "I do think you are most unreasonable. Katie is in a beautiful place, and there are plenty of people who would be prepared to pay £200 or £250 a year on the chance of having their child in a place like Lexden House (the institution)."

It will be observed that the possibility of affection counting for more than mere physical comfort is quite outside the reckoning of the medical superintendent.

To prove that it is possible for a mental deficient to obtain freedom, we may cite the case of Frank Arthur Ryall, of Holme Street, Nottingham. An adopted child, Frank was sent by the Nottingham Guardians to Dulwich Workhouse, being finally transferred to the Gordon Boys' Home at Chobham last December. In March of this year he escaped by letting himself down from a bedroom window in the early hours of the morning.

An instance of failure

One would have thought that the Board of Control would have been after the fugitive like a pack of hounds. Apparently, they have no say in the matter, the Gordon Boys' Home being an independent, semi-military institution. According to Lt.-Col. H. C. Herbert, second-in-command of the home, they have not even power to detain a scholar against his will.

No one is worried about Frank, save his foster-parents in Nottingham, and even the Surrey police did not think it worth while to publish his description in the Press. No one knows whether he is dead or alive.

There is much irony in the fact that the Mental Deficiency Act, conferring, as it does, such powers of interference, has failed to function in at least one case where it might have been of real value.

RIGBY'S ROGUERY

A Lesson for Estate-Agents

THE grave responsibility upon people running agencies for the purpose of introducing clients to investment propositions is clearly emphasised in the story of a Yorkshire gentleman who has lost his life savings in a wicked swindle.

He put his money into Rigby's Manx Holiday Camps, Ltd., the leading light of which is a scoundrel named J. H. Rigby, of Aberfeldy, Willaston, Wirral, the self-appointed "Squire of Baldrine," about whom we have already had something to say.

Satisfying introduction

Rigby's scheme, conveyed through the medium of lying literature, was to form a wonderful holiday camp at Baldrine, Isle of Man. It was a booby-trap of the worst kind, and anyone investigating its so-called possibilities on the spot could have discovered so at the outset. As it was, Rigby got away with the hard-earned cash of many victims.

The main point of our present story is that the Yorkshire gentleman was introduced to this swindler by a firm called Fletcher and Company (Estate Agents), Ltd., of 12a, Mount Pleasant, Liverpool.

It appears that Rigby called upon this firm and induced them to become agents for him to procure capital for the Rigby Manx Holiday Camps Company, promising them 10 per cent. on all they obtained. He also authorised them to issue advertisements offering employment to people who were prepared to take up shares.

The Yorkshire gentleman, through the introduction of Messrs. Fletcher and Company, put £500 into the Rigby booby-trap. Before us are the two cheques paid by him as the result of their recommendations—one for £450 made out to Rigby and endorsed by him, and the other for £50 to Fletcher and Company (Estate Agents) Ltd., and endorsed "Fletcher and Co. (Estate Agents), Ltd.—L. Allen, Managing Director."

The efficient partner

Mr. Allen was referred to in subsequent proceedings as "the efficient partner" of Fletcher and Company. The £50 was, of course, in payment of the aforementioned 10 per cent. promised by Rigby.

In view of the fact that Rigby is now in jail for twelve months for obtaining money by false pretences—in that "no real attempt was made to form the camp, that Rigby's representations were false, and that these sums were obtained by fraud"—we cannot congratulate Mr. Allen on the efficiency of his firm in being so completely taken in by such a plausible scoundrel.

Investigation first

That Fletcher and Company acted in good faith there is no doubt. But far too many people lose their money nowadays through such introductions, and we tell this story in the hope that all concerns which introduce clients, for substantial fees, to companies in need of funds, should in future so completely investigate the genuineness of all propositions before recommending them that they are prepared, in the event of their being associated with a palpable fraud of this character, to at least refund the fees to the defrauded dupes.

The Poor Old 'Busman

Help Needed After Accident

SIR ALFRED BUTT, Mr. Julian Wylie, Sir Oswald Stoll and the rest of London's theatrical figureheads had better go out of business. For all the resources at their disposal, it is left to West Hampstead to provide "London's Brightest Show."

So at least we are assured by the promoters of a "Select Concert," billed for the Town Hall, West End Lane, N.W.6, on Thursday, October 29. Tickets to admit two cost 5s. and "the tax is payable at the door." Already there has been a brisk sale in the district, though not entirely on account of the exceptional entertainment which one expects to find at "London's Brightest Show."

The serious accident

Many patrons who still consider that Mr. Robey and Mr. D. Hay Petrie are good enough for them were influenced by the announcement that the "Select Concert" has a charitable purpose. It is for the benefit of "one of the few remaining old horse 'busmen." The poor old fellow, it is emphasised, is "totally unfit for motor work" and is now seventy years of age. He took out his first licence in 1885, but some years ago "met with a serious accident."

An old acquaintance

We happen to be able to confirm his statement about the accident. The old horse 'busman has, in fact, met with fifteen serious accidents to our knowledge. Some people might call them previous convictions, but we shall stick to the less harsh phraseology of the concert tickets.

The old horse 'busman is none other than W. M. Gill, who has appeared so frequently in these columns and whom the police are apparently unable to daunt. He is a persuasive old rogue and we are not surprised that the officials of the West Hampstead Town Hall have been taken in by whatever story he chose to tell them.

Presumably he has paid his deposit on the hall and it is not altogether impossible that "London's Brightest Show" will be staged on the appointed date. Occasions have been known in Gill's career when this has happened, although they are rare. When the response of the public has been good, Gill has taken the expedient course of filling his contract, thereby keeping just outside the clutches of the police.

Wasted effort

We note that the concert manager for Hampstead is one George Thompson. Unless we are mistaken this is none other than Mr. Setter, alias Russell, alias Arthur Williams, who has assisted the guller Gill frequently in the past.

Not long ago a collector called at this office and tried to persuade us that Gill was a much-maligned man. Even "London's Brightest Show," we are sure, will not provide a better entertainer.

Bilked in the Bargain

MOST people like to get a bargain when they can. That is the reason why an enterprising concern called R. Marshall & Son, of 113-115, Borough High Street, S.E.1, has been very busy lately coping with orders sent them through the post from bargain hunters in various parts of the country.

R. Marshall & Son dealt in fancy goods, or, at least, they pretended to. Through an alluring catalogue, they offered various fancy articles of wonderful value for next to nothing, and the result was that orders poured into their offices in the Borough.

One of our readers sent a cheque with an order in July last, which has never been acknowledged. He has since written several times to find out how his bargains are getting on, but has not yet been able to get a reply. We have taken the trouble to write to the firm on two occasions on our reader's behalf, but R. Marshall & Son have treated our appeals in a similar fashion.

This would be a comparatively small matter if it were an isolated case. But it is not. R. Marshall & Son, the fancy goods bargain providers, have, to our knowledge, swindled countless clients in the same kind of way.

The local police have received a large number of complaints from people who have sent money for goods they cannot get, and the matter has now reached a somewhat serious stage, since R. Marshall & Son have suddenly disappeared from their Borough headquarters, leaving no address!

The local police should make it their business to trace the people behind this firm, and call upon them for an explanation of their reprehensible conduct.

The Last Chance

Our Final Offer

READERS who have not yet applied for their presentation Gillette Safety Razor Outfits have one more chance. On pages 8 and 9 of this issue they will find our final offer of this magnificent gift.

So great has been the enthusiastic response to our offer that we confidently anticipate that as a result of this week's effort our goal will be reached.

We therefore impress on our readers that this is their last chance to obtain a genuine Gillette Safety Razor Outfit, value 10s. 6d., absolutely free, and their last chance of giving themselves the pleasure of presenting a similar gift to a friend.

Miss your lunch, miss your last train home, but don't on any account miss pages 8 and 9 of this issue!

What our readers think of it

To one or two early applicants, selected at random, we sent an extra free gift and asked them to let us have their candid opinion on it.

Here is what they said:

"I must admit your offer is stupendous." (F. R., Aldershot.)

"One of the most serviceable and compact gifts one could ever wish for." (L. B., Palmer's Green.)

"To be quite candid I think it is excellent, and a more appropriate present could not have been substituted." (J. F., Leeds.)

"The gift is 'eighteen carat.' All readers of JOHN BULL should lose no time in making application for this wonderful gift."

"Of all free gifts presented by newspapers and periodicals, surely this forms 'one of a million.' With no advertisement matter on the case or razor, it is in the true sense of the word a 'presentation' set.

"A similar article is on view in shop windows in this town at half-a-guinea. With its well finished case and splendid plated razor, it is fit for a king.

"My advice to all those readers who have not yet qualified for their gift is to do so now, and be 'one of a million' for a gift 'in a million.'" (W. W., Brighton.)

The danger of delay

We are, naturally, delighted that our choice of a gift for our readers has been so pleasantly received.

Among the thousands of letters we are receiving are a number which tell why the writers are accepting JOHN BULL's great offer:

"I am getting a set to send to a soldier friend abroad," says one.

"The 10s. 6d. Gillette Set will make an exquisite Christmas Gift," says another.

Says a third: "It's a splendid opportunity to obtain the world-famous Gillette Razor for nothing."

All excellent reasons! Have you realised what an opportunity this offer provides for you?

Your last chance! Turn to pages 8 and 9—and do it now!

Jacking Up the World

by **Dr. F. W. NORWOOD** *(Minister of the City Temple)*

THE world needs thorough overhauling, and in the process the co-operation of all classes must be enlisted. Drastic methods are essential, but not revolution. Revolution must be turned into evolution

AN American friend of mine expressed his surprise that in his journeys up and down in England he saw little trace of poverty. It seemed to him that the people were well dressed and well fed. In London he saw no "Oliver Twists" or "Artful Dodgers," ragged and unkempt, while the places of holiday resort were thronged with cheerful, well-clothed people.

He heard few complaints, saw no dark-browed revolutionaries, and declared that England has become once more "Merrie England." My friend is a tourist, and, of course, from the eyes of tourists many things are withholden.

The dole keeps destitution from slouching along the gutters, and the best of the English poor, now as always, suffer in silence. But the dole is economic waste, if not something much worse. Our looms are almost still, and our dockyards almost silent.

No one is satisfied. To some extent we are all fellow-sufferers. It is of little use blaming one another, for there is not one person among our forty odd millions who would not alter it if he could. The world has broken its bonds of human fellowship and we are paying the price. But some have a margin and some are cut by the keen edge of circumstance. We are all on the same ship, which is perilously near the rocks, but the estrangement between the first class and the third is pathetically acute.

The test of endurance

There is a law of Nature that when the outlook is almost hopeless, apathy dulls the feelings. Some of the poor are ceasing to care and are accepting the dole as a necessary condition of things which absolves them at least from effort. There ought soon to be a "boom" in the making of bath chairs at least. More restless spirits are fondling the word "revolution" as though the tiger was a tame kitten. More fortunately placed people are trying hard to forget.

I have in my circle of acquaintances a distressingly large number of friends, sober, industrious men and women, who are finding it hard to keep from blaming God and man because, try as they will, the world does not seem to require them.

We seem to be in need of a breath of clean fresh air to drive away the malaria which is making us paralytics.

The worst of it is, none of us knows clearly what to do. I mean, of course, none of us who is of the thoughtful, steady-going sort of people. I am bombarded every week with books, pamphlets and papers which offer a sure and universal remedy.

The latest was that we should reintroduce the old Jewish "Year of Jubilee," in which there should at given times be the cancellation of all debts, restoration of all mortgages, and a new start generally made. If I could see the world swing back again to the days of Moses I should like to see the method given another trial. But who will swing it back for us?

A letter to erase

It seems as if we must seek our remedies by going forward, whatever happens. I have my pencil always in my hands these days, and whenever I see the word "revolution" I strike out the first letter. I have seen a cart jacked up from the ground and a child amusing itself by turning the wheels backward or forward as it pleased. But the world is a pretty heavy cart. I see no sense in jacking it. I would rather see us all putting forward and better roads being made for its wheels.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald the other day defined Socialism in a manner that immediately appealed to me. The exact words have slipped out of my reach, as newspaper references do if one is not careful, but it was to the effect that in the past industry has been organised to gain material wealth, but now it must be used to secure human happiness.

The Party to choose

Of course when he used these words to define Socialism, he would immediately antagonise those to whom the word is a nightmare. I think I have as much right to use them to define Christianity. But I do not care much what noun is used if I can only be sure that the end is gained. I do not want to march blindfolded with any Party camp, but I will hold out both my hands to men of any Party who have seen that vision and are working for its actualisation.

I am persuaded that that is the purpose for which the raw materials of industry were ordained. I observe that every advertisement which stares at me from every hoarding assumes that for its motive. That is why I am advised to take Beecham's Pills, or drink Bovril, or smoke some special kind of tobacco—it is all to increase my human happiness. I know, as a matter of fact, that the vendors of these goods have a thought for their own happiness, and within certain limits I am prepared to grant it to them. Mainly it is a matter of emphasis.

We have got to use the plural pronoun rather than the strictly personal one, and to recognise also that there is a third party to the transaction. Between the vendor and the customer there is also the worker who mediates for both, and who has been rather much overlooked. It is not ultimately for the good of the parties at either end if manufactures flow in one direction and profits in the other across bitter and resentful hearts.

Slow movement, sure progress

We have a long way to go yet, but we are moving. Things like this are not settled by abstract reasoning nor yet by concrete legislation. There must be something of both. Some people never reason until they are confronted by a change in circumstances, and the best good that such changes do is to give our reason a new start. Our real objective in the end is always to get people thinking aright; and not thinking only, but willing aright.

If we have been taught anything at all during the last bitter years it is that hate brings stagnation. However complex the universe may seem it must have good will at its heart, for nothing else eventually works.

The problem of economic reconstruction is so complex that if every person in the island gave himself earnestly to its solution, it would yet take many years for it to be solved. Neither the bomb on the one hand, nor the rifle on the other, is going to help much. I am not an absolute disbeliever in force. I believe in intellectual force; I believe in moral force; and I believe in the force of legislative experiment as far as it has the two other kinds sufficiently at the back of it to make it operative.

Dr. F. W. Norwood

I would like that all men might write upon their hearts the slogan that industry must be organised for the increase of human happiness, and I interpret human happiness to be more than a full belly and a well-covered back. Bread is not only what we eat, but all that we rightly live by.

Worst enemy of the poor

May my last word be for the poor themselves? I was one of six children left for a widow to fend for, and she had no other material advantages but a good heart and a strong will. The poor have no worse enemies than those who feed them with slushy sentimentality in order to get power over them.

They are not called tamely to submit to conditions that are manifestly wrong, but he is a lazy and a dangerous man who thinks that the way to put them right is to turn them upside down by using some rule-of-thumb theory. I am old fashioned enough to believe that nothing can ultimately resist brains and good character.

I have lived most of my life in Australia, a land where social experiment is easy as compared with England. I have seen the foolish and the wise, but I have always noticed that nothing was ever made good but by good character. This is a hard lesson that we all naturally kick at, but it seems to be as firmly fixed as the stars.

A righteous hatred

I hate kings and lords who think that they can subdue countries and change territories by the mean use of explosives. I hate all merely mechanical alterations of life whatsoever. I do not hate a machine provided the man who operates it is big enough to be worthy of it, as the daring aeronaut seems worthy of his aeroplane; but I hate the little men who can juggle with the levers of a big machine they are not wise enough to understand. That is why my sympathies go out to and my trust is reposed in the poor who now, as always, are the salt of the earth.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., Minister of Health.

DEAR SIR,—Under the authority of your Department children at school are medically examined and given access to clinics where health defects can be cured; but there is a dangerous gap between the school-leaving age and the date of admission to the National Health Insurance scheme. Yet the penalty of neglect in these critical years of adolescence may be a lifetime of pain and misery. May I venture to hope that before more harm is done you will take active steps to remove this menace to growing youth? JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir A. STEEL-MAITLAND, M.P., Minister of Labour.

DEAR SIR,—When are you going to take in hand the distressing problem of juvenile unemployment? The fact that there are 300,000 young persons in Great Britain who have not done a stroke of work since leaving school, and for whom no useful employment is in sight, is a grave reflection on the existing industrial system. That you can be indifferent to the moral deterioration of youth through enforced idleness, or to the economic loss resulting from our failure to employ these active young citizens, is unthinkable. No more urgent problem confronts you. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS, M.P., Home Secretary.

DEAR SIR,—Accept my congratulations on the passage into law of the Separation and Maintenance Orders Act which will provide a short way out of hell for many unfortunate wives. For the future deliberate infection with disease, the ill-treatment of children, and compulsion on a wife to live an immoral life will constitute legal "cruelty" entitling a married woman to separation; while the new Act further provides that a wife may start proceedings while still living under the husband's roof, a much-needed alteration of the law which will put an end to many domestic tragedies. To have ensured the unanimous adoption of this measure by both Houses of Parliament is no small achievement. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Canon DONALDSON, M.A., Little Cloisters, Westminster Abbey, S.W.1.

DEAR CANON,—At the present juncture it is just as well that we should be reminded that "loyalty to the State does not mean acquiescence in injustice or apathy in the face of wrong." These words of yours are a very proper rebuke to those who only speak of law and order when it is a question of defending their selfish interests against the just demands of the community. That there is an order based on justice, and a law that transcends all human ordinances, is a lesson which the Church too often fails to teach. JOHN BULL.

To Sir ROBERT PEACOCK, M.V.O., Chief Constable, Manchester.

DEAR SIR,—Because you have always relied on the help of the citizens to supplement the police in maintaining order, you decline the offer of the British Fascisti to enrol members in the city's special constabulary. Yours is the right attitude. Any chief constable accepting bumptious offers of this sort belittles his own authority and insults his neighbours. I congratulate you on possessing more dignity. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Prebendary CARLILE, D.D., St. Mary-at-Hill Rectory, London, E.C.

REV. SIR,—For most of your public utterances I have the greatest respect, but when you say that a certain theatrical poster is "an incentive to prostitution" it seems to me that you are going much too far. Surely the incentives to vice lie far deeper than any pictorial suggestion, partly no doubt in the frailty of human nature, but very largely in the appalling social and industrial conditions which disgrace this "Christian" land. If you can point me to one poor creature lured to a life of shame by the prettiness of the hoardings, I will undertake to find you a hundred driven there by the ugliness of the slums. JOHN BULL.

LEAVES THAT NEVER FALL!

To Mr. ROBERT HORWOOD, Newnham Hill Farm, Reading.

DEAR SIR,—You are an honour to your town and a fine example to the younger generation. Starting work at nine years of age you have worked continually for sixty-eight years at the same farm, carrying off, from local shows, the prizes for long service. To these I gladly add Honourable Mention. JOHN BULL.

To H. G. CHANCELLOR, Esq., Ex-M.P. for Haggerston.

SIR,—A few years ago your declaration that you have "no use for sports involving unnecessary cruelty to animals" would have exposed you to ridicule as a milk-and-water sentimentalist. Not so to-day. The conscience of the community has been aroused to a sense of responsibility towards the dumb creation, and your denunciation of the cruelties involved in "blood sports" will be widely endorsed. JOHN BULL.

To Miss KNOWLES, Bath.

DEAR MADAM,—You engaged a taxi-cab and when the meter registered 2s. 8d. for the journey refused to give the driver more than 2s. 6d., telling him he might sue for the balance. This he had the good sense to do, and the magistrate promptly fined you 7s. 6d., of which 5s. went to the cabman. It is a bit of justice that should make you thoroughly ashamed of yourself, and also cure you of meanness. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. C. S. THOMSON, Medical Officer for Deptford.

DEAR SIR,—In running a health campaign at Poplar you did not flinch from the truth. You declared men were killed by heavy, unhygienic clothes that are nightmares and death-traps, and urged them to learn from the modern "flapper," whose light, cleanly garments keep her out of the doctor's surgery and free from illness. You are a refreshing change from those parsons who, when they talk of women's clothes, think only of legs. JOHN BULL.

To TOM BURTON, Comedian, Pontefract.

DEAR SIR,—You are a noisy blackguard, unfit to be in charge of a touring company. After being kindly treated by Mr. Albert Raynor, managing director of the Empire, Moorthorpe, you gave him a worthless cheque to cash, and when he refused to cash another abused him publicly, and by circulating lies so incited the crowd outside the theatre that Mr. Raynor had to remain locked up in the pay-office. It is a miscarriage of justice that you were let off with a paltry fine. You ought to have been sent to prison. JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

Mr. W. J. ERVINE:—Christianity does not spoil men for a business career.

It is, in fact, amazing what some business men accomplish under the cloak of it.

* * *

Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN:—Do not expect too much.

Unworthy advice. Great expectations are the necessary precursor of great deeds.

* * *

Mr. C. H. SITCH, M.P.:—Strikes and lock-outs are our biggest curse.

Our biggest curse is the business ineptitude that leads to strikes and lock-outs.

* * *

Mr. FRANK HODGES:—At present we are going down hill.

Put your back to the wheel like a man and help us to pull up.

Without Fear or Favour

LLOYD GEORGE'S GREAT BLUFF

The Price of Poverty

THE crisis in West Ham, where a Socialist Board of Guardians has declined to accept the only conditions on which the Ministry of Health will sanction a loan for the benefit of the unemployed, has far more than a local significance. In common fairness we must examine both sides of the question.

The facts are simple. Rightly or wrongly the West Ham Guardians have fixed the maximum allowance in the shape of outdoor relief for an unemployed man with a young family at 59s. weekly. The Ministry of Health demands that this maximum shall be scaled down to 55s. a week, this lower figure being avowedly based upon the average wages paid in the locality.

The Board of Guardians having declined to put in force the lower scale, the Ministry refuses its assent to a loan, and the board is without funds.

As to the immediate action of the guardians, there are two things to be said. If the average wage in the borough of West Ham is as little as £2 15s. weekly, that average is disgracefully low. It clearly does not amount to a living wage.

Secondly, if there are no jobs vacant, the average of wages in the locality is neither here nor there. The only test for the malingerer is to offer him a job, and this the Labour Exchanges in West Ham confess themselves unable to do.

There remains the broader issue. The basis upon which poor relief is organised in this country is radically unsound. The mass of poverty which exists in places like Poplar and West Ham ought to be a charge not upon the local ratepayers but upon the public purse of the metropolis as a whole. This simple reform would avoid endless dispute.

Annual Swindles

EVERY year about this time we are called upon to deal with a number of loan or "diddlum" clubs which, owing to the defalcations of their treasurers, suddenly collapse.

In this way many thousands of working people who subscribe every week for the purpose of having a little extra money at Christmas are victimised.

During the next few weeks the public will learn the details of the usual annual crop of such catastrophies, and it is a scandal that, year after year, the law remains unchanged.

The whole root of the trouble is that anyone may form a slate club by merely advertising it among his fellow-employees, and thereby gain control of considerable sums of money.

A very simple piece of legislation would effectively protect the public.

Every slate club should be registered under the Business Names Act, and the money should be paid into a special account at the Post Office.

And, most important of all, no money should be withdrawable from this account except on an order signed by three members of the club.

We are at a loss to understand why this simple legislative check has not long since been imposed.

A Politician's Paradise

UNDER pretence of solving the land problem and restoring to the people what is theirs, Lloyd George proposes to fix the landlords more firmly than ever on the backs of their victims

LLOYD GEORGE'S Land Enquiry Committee has reported. The New Jerusalem can be built. It only requires another committee and a slight alteration in terminology.

We admit that the problem is clearly stated. The Report declares in language quite familiar to our readers that unemployment can be solved by the full and proper use of our land.

It proves, as we have repeatedly done, that there is room in rural England for at least another two million workers. It demonstrates that the 300 million pounds' worth of food which we annually import could be raised at home, incidentally reducing the cost of living.

Rt. Hon. D. Lloyd George, M.P

It admits that a great increase in the national wealth will inevitably follow from the proper and full use of our land and labour, wealth which will percolate through society and revive every industry.

It is only when it comes to applying the remedy that it is lacking. The publication of all these glittering promises will raise hopes in the heart of many a struggling worker, and it is to save disappointment that we say now that there is nothing here except a *Politician's Paradise*.

County committees, generally very reactionary bodies, will not by deliberation raise a single bushel of wheat. Their duties are to search out inefficient farmers and put them on the dole. Inefficient farmers, when located, will have something to say on the matter. Enquiries, squabbles, law-suits, may all grow out of the committee's activities, but not food.

Money provided on loan by State banks will still have to pay interest. If not, farmers are going to be privileged or subsidised at the expense of the general taxpayer.

Improvements paid for by the State will not cost less, and may cost more than improvements paid for by individuals. There is not much to be gained here.

Security of tenure, a real benefit, can surely be obtained without State control.

IN relation to the magnitude of the task, such suggestions are as futile as the Small Holdings Acts, which, under the administration of existing County Councils, have resulted in a loss of nearly ten million pounds without touching the fringe of the problem.

In Britain to-day there is no time for trifling. Mr. Lloyd George, who is responsible for the committee, knows that farming, in common with every other industry, suffers from the fact that the owner of the soil upon which the industry is conducted can exact tribute from all our efforts without returning any equivalent service.

Did he lack the courage to tell the truth while the guest of a great Exeter landowner?

"Landlordism has ceased to function," says the Report. "Except to interfere," says Mr. George. Yet it is proposed to perpetuate landlordism, to endow it, to bribe it to leave us alone.

WE have no use for such poltroonery. If a thing ceases to function it should be scrapped. The State can carry out the main function of the landlord—*i.e.*, collect the rent.

When landlords live without working, workers work without living. The Norfolks, the Northumberlands, and their heirs for ever, relieved of all their responsibilities, will receive tribute based on the present rental value of their lands. It will now be called annuity, and in this subtle change of name lies all our hopes of a new world!

Things like this have happened in our history, but never in the name of progress. It is a gross betrayal of human rights, and can be fitly described as a Liberal Landlords' Charter.

The Church Challenged

THE annual Church Congress which has been taking place at Eastbourne is not an event which can be passed over in silence. The Church of England is a national body, whose activities count for a great deal in the social and religious life of the people, and the attitude of the Church towards the questions of the day is a matter of first-rate public importance.

What is the Church of England's message to this troubled and perplexed generation? Does it stand four-square for the great causes of peace, industrial justice, social equality, seeking to apply the sublime ethics of Christianity to the problems of the modern world?

Or is it content merely to recite the ancient dogmas, flinging a casual glance of pity at the poor and needy, then passing by on the other side?

No one reading the proceedings of the Church Congress can answer these questions with anything but anxious doubt. Instead of the firm, clear voice of inspired certainty, there has been a babel of conflicting tongues.

At times we might almost have believed that the Congress was assembled in the twelfth rather than in the twentieth century of the Christian era.

Some of its debates have had as little relation to the world of reality outside its doors as has the theory of Einstein to the problems of daily life in an East End slum.

On the other hand, more than one distinguished speaker has been heard pointing out to the assembled Church the dimensions of its lost opportunity.

A new ferment of social righteousness is at work among the dry bones of ecclesiastical traditions. There is room for hope.

A Bad Blunder

WE have never been very impressed by the Home Secretary's efforts to make our flesh creep with the Communist bogey.

We have, in fact, suggested that his over-emphasis of this very shadowy "menace" is more of a red herring than a serious defence of our country or its liberties.

His recent outburst confirms us in our suspicions. "In spite of the conference which has just taken place," he said, "I am not sure where Mr. MacDonald and the Labour Party really stand."

There is only one inference to be drawn from such a statement—that the Home Secretary believes that the Labour Conference was deliberately throwing dust in the eyes of the nation when it repudiated Communism.

We like fair play and we detest methods such as these. If anything were needed to refute the mischievous suggestion of the Home Secretary, the baffled rage of the National Minority Movement as the result of the conference, is a sufficient answer.

Ill-balanced thought is a serious matter when indulged in by a Cabinet Minister. We are understating the case when we accuse the Home Secretary of deliberate mischief-making.

Does Mr. Baldwin Know?

by "A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER"

WE print this week a statement of our national situation by "A Gentleman with a Duster," which we consider the most lucid that has ever been put before the thinking public

The Rt. Hon. E. F. L. Wood, M.P., Minister of Agriculture

OUR island provides us with a fifth of our most vital necessities in the shape of food. Without the four-fifths which reach these shores from foreign countries we should starve.

We have sacrificed our agriculture to our industries, and the more our population has increased the more hardly have we borne upon the farmer, until at the present moment his position is little better than that of a man living on the dole.

British agriculture, then, cannot be regarded as an insurance of our national existence. It has become to us little more than a hobby. Our countryside, it may be said, is the backyard of our industrialism or the suburban garden of our imperial grandeur. Few would seriously reckon it as a necessity of our existence.

Very much do I doubt whether a body of working men could be brought together in any of our great manufacturing cities to listen to a speech on the subject of British agriculture. Nor is there evidence at the present time that our Cabinet Ministers are more interested in the subject than are the inhabitants of Manchester, Newcastle and Sheffield.

On the edge of a precipice

Obviously, then, a nation which cannot feed itself is in grave peril of destruction. It lives, and must live, on the hazard of other men's labour. For no considerable length of time can it ever be sure of the means of existence.

An accident, such as the accident of war, might reduce it in a week or two to a state of starvation. With nothing to fall back upon in its own fields, it would be caught like a rat in a trap, powerless to escape from certain death. This, I say, is obvious. A child can see it with very little strain of thinking.

But do we really see, as the central fact of our national existence, that we are dependent on countries overseas for the means of life?

I do not think so. On the contrary, it appears to me that we are living in complete oblivion of this fact, and that we have no more anxiety about our foreign food supplies than we have for our supply of water, and no more fear of starvation than we have of suffocation.

Too obvious to notice

Eighty per cent. of our most vital necessities, without which we should perish of starvation, are brought to these shores from far across the sea in exchange for the fruits of British labour. Let our supply of manufactured goods fail in quantity or quality, or let their price become too high for the foreigner's pocket, and our supplies of food would dwindle, and our whole national life would be paralysed, and we should live in the shadow of famine till the end came.

Now, if this, too, is so obvious that a child can understand it without effort, we might expect that every Chancellor of the Exchequer in framing his budget would, as a first consideration, see that no impost should be levied upon the manufacturers of the country which might imperil their successful competition in the markets whence we draw our vital food supplies.

We might also expect that every leader of Labour in addressing the workpeople of the country would impress upon them, also as a first consideration, that no demand on their part for higher wages or shorter hours can be economically permissible which in any way threatens our imports of food by raising the price of our exports of manufactured goods.

We might, I think, even expect that the first consideration of a Government would be to help our manufacturers in every possible way to defeat the competition of our rivals, as the highly intelligent German Government has always done for its manufacturers, with no such urgent and vital necessity as exists in our case.

Political blindness

We might also expect that the first consideration of Labour politics would be so to organise the working classes that no other nation should be able to compare with ours for swiftness of output, sound workmanship, and economic efficiency.

But instead of this reasonable spirit on the part of the Government and the leaders of Labour we find, on the contrary, that both of them act in such a way as not merely to imperil our foreign trade but to render it an easy prey to the competition of our rivals.

The Government loads the manufacturer with taxes, permits local authorities to load him still further with rates, and hampers him in every conceivable way by restrictions which may be admirable from a humanitarian point of view and yet entirely suicidal from an economic point of view.

And while the Government is thus raising to a disastrous height the price of the goods which the British manufacturer must sell against foreign competition if we are to draw 80 per cent. of our vital necessities in food from abroad, the leaders of Labour pursue a policy of annoyance, hindrance and even actual and declared antagonism, which still further raises that price of his goods, till he is beaten by every rival nation which cares to challenge him.

If we cannot pay for our food, we shall not receive it. The chief and only safe way in which we can procure that food is by sending our manufactured goods to those who grow it. And in order that our manufactured goods should be more desirable in the eyes of those who grow it, they must be good, cheap and unchecked in their flow—better, cheaper, and more regular than those of competing nations.

There in a nutshell is our economic condition, and that economic condition is absolutely central to our whole national existence. Until we accept this as the first postulate of our political thinking, we shall continue to think with a stupidity which will first cripple and then, and very swiftly, destroy us.

Our religion, our philosophy, our arts, our social existence, and our domestic life, all of them are governed by this foundational factor of our economic situation—our dependence on countries overseas for 80 per cent. of our most elementary necessities.

Tossed about with every wind

Until we realise this truth with the full intelligence of sane and practical men, we are like a traveller who goes into the desert with no food, and like a sailor who attempts to cross the sea with neither chart nor compass.

Indeed, our conduct is even more absurd, for while the traveller may fall among friends, we can fall upon nothing but starvation; and while the seaman may reach some port or another, we can reach nothing but destruction.

Rogues who

The laws dealing with betting are farcical. They permit swindling to flourish unchecked

THE exposure of bogus bookmakers and swindling "turf commission agents," who rob poor working men and women of their scanty shillings, has become a regular and notable feature of JOHN BULL. Complaints from people who have been rooked by these rascally despoilers of the poor regularly pour into this paper's letter-box. All the fly-blown blackguards who have failed in every other branch of mean and dirty villainy appear to flock to this meanest and dirtiest means of livelihood. When they have tried every other form of sneak-thievery, and stand on the ghastly brink of starvation, they will suddenly strike the great and happy thought: "The winner of the Cambridgeshire for twelve stamps," or "Billy Busker, the famous turf accountant, for safety"; and, with no other resource than their unbounded knavery, they will proceed to rake in affluence.

Sir Henry Strother Cautley, K.C., M.P., who presided over the Commission to deal with betting, and who should take steps to see that the recommendations receive Parliamentary sanction

They may change their line of roguery when one form seems exhausted, but they never vary the beautiful simplicity of the method. Thus one notorious crook, who has been practising in the same sumptuous office in Regent Street for six years, has for the new season decided to specialise as a "football commission agent." Hundreds of complaints have in the past been lodged against him, but the law is powerless.

HIS simple method is this: When his customers lose, he keeps their money; when they win, he maintains his consistency by sticking to the same sound financial rule. Instead of remitting the successful clients' winnings, he just sends them an explanation that, owing to the shocking dishonesty of backers who haven't paid their losses, he is painfully compelled to do likewise.

Every year a fresh crop of dupes ripens for the reaper; every year the police are overwhelmed with angry protests, and every year the law continues to do nothing.

The time of thousands of policemen is absorbed in prosecuting bookmakers who, though they break the footling law, are at least straight and honest. We read of one bookmaker in North

Light on Locarno

by A. G. GARDINER

FOR the past seven years a feeling of unrest and insecurity has brooded over Europe. The spectre of distrust still stalks abroad and will not be laid until mutual trust and endeavour displace suspicion

I WISH it were possible to say "Light from Locarno," but at the time of writing Locarno is in a mist of rumours, hopes, doubts, fears, motives and counter-motives that makes for darkness rather than light. The most that we can confidently say is that it is a good thing that the nations are at last talking round a table.

It has taken seven years to reach this stage of sanity. Seven lost years. Seven years in which Europe has been kept in the melting-pot, and all the devilries of fear, doubt and hate have been kept on the boil, and all possibility of restoring peace and prosperity to the world has been defeated.

Well, we are getting through that phase at last. The crazy adventure in the Ruhr is over, and even Lord Rothermere no longer appeals to us to take our "hats off to France." But we cannot hope to wipe out the consequences of those seven lost years as easily as we clean a slate. Things have been happening.

Riding for a fall

Communism has tightened its grip on Russia and Fascism has got into the saddle in Italy, and both forms of tyranny make the settlement of Europe more difficult. In the face of those disruptive movements the urgent need of the great Western and Central Powers—France, Britain, Germany—was to get together to save the European system from anarchy.

That is not so easy as it was. The bandits in Russia and the bandits in Italy are both entrenched in power and are making gestures to each other to keep the chaos active.

Tchicherin has been to Berlin to stir up strife and to make the resettlement of Europe impossible on the existing basis. He does not want to see the *rapprochement* of the Western Powers, or peace, or the effective establishment of the League of Nations. He wants the disruption which the War left converted into a permanent condition. He wants to make the wreck complete so that he can impose on Europe the doctrines which have been imposed on Russia.

And we, France and Britain, have done our best for seven years to help him by trying to drive Germany into the arms of Bolshevist Russia amid the imbecile "hip-hip-hurrahs" of our Rothermeres.

Fortunately we have not succeeded, and Germany still stands firm against both Communism and Fascism. But do not let us suppose that the danger is past. The issue is still open, and the Communist and Fascist bravoes are alike making bids to Germany to desert the cause of constitutionalism and take the plunge with them into tyranny.

Constitutionalism, barbarism or anarchy

Tchicherin's visit to Berlin was a desperate attempt to sandbag Locarno, and the strange incident of the premature publication by Italy of a garbled account of the proposed Pact, nicely calculated to arouse the most violent suspicions in Germany, bears only one interpretation and that a sinister one.

If we want to understand the true significance of Locarno, in short, we have to see it, not in relation to this or that local issue, but in relation to the problem of the whole future of Europe.

The struggle that is going on is really a struggle to decide whether Europe is to be re-established on a basis of ordered government or whether it is to lapse into barbarism and anarchy, with Communism triumphant here and Fascism triumphant there and liberty destroyed everywhere.

If we can visualise the issue in this light we shall see that what is at stake at Locarno is nothing less than whether European civilisation is to survive or to perish. If Germany were to go Bolshevist and France were to go Fascist, the hope of seeing peace and prosperity again in Europe in this generation would be finally banished.

M. Tchicherin, the Russian agitator, who would be better advised to look after his own country than to try and foment strife in Berlin

The application of this matter to ourselves is obvious. We are the most settled country in Europe, but even here the equipoise of things is dangerously delicate. No one living recalls a time when the public mind was so filled with fears and panics and when the future was overhung with the menace of such grave possibilities.

What, then, is the moral to all of us—France, Britain and Germany alike? It is that the issues that are keeping us hostile and squabbling are trivial beside the enormous interest that we have in common. We together can save Europe and no one else can. And in saving Europe we save ourselves individually.

The big three

If Britain, Germany and France act together they are powerful enough to rehabilitate Europe and to hold all her enemies at bay. But if they do not act together, if the miserable history of the past seven years is continued for another seven years or less, then nothing can prevent the disaster which is shaping itself so clearly and which all of us in our hearts fear. That disaster is the final disintegration of European civilisation.

What follows? We cannot fight on two fronts. We cannot, on the one hand, continue the old war among ourselves and, on the other, fight successfully the new war that is being made on all of us alike by the preachers of Leninism and Mussolinism. We must come to terms with Germany and Germany must come to terms with us. "Let the dead past bury its dead," said Mr. Chamberlain at the opening of the Locarno Conference and no wiser words could be uttered.

But it is idle to utter wise words and continue doing unwise deeds. The mood of France has happily changed and the seven years wasted in the attempt to put Germany in perpetual chains are seen to have been a lamentable blunder.

Cementing the fabric

But the new policy must be a wholehearted gesture. Let Germany be made to see that she is going to have fair play, and that the wrongs in the Versailles Treaty will be righted. Let us convince her that it is to her interest to come into the League of Nations and to stand by the civilisation we share with her, rather than to coquette with the strange gods of Russia.

I do not personally believe in the Pact. If there is not good faith and honest intentions, no pact will save us. If there is good faith and good intentions, no pact will be necessary. But if the Pact will carry us over the present crisis, let us sign it.

And having signed it, let the Government put all their energies into making the League of Nations the instrument for holding the rocking fabric of Europe together. We are fighting for a civilised Europe, and if the battle is to be won, France, Germany and Britain must fight under [illegible]

Twist Punters

by ALEX. M. THOMPSON ("Dangle")

London who was fined £20 for street-betting, and within an hour was re-arrested and fined £30. In Salford eighty bookmakers were fined within 160 minutes.

IN most of these cases, the persons charged are mere tools of principals who keep in the background. They employ women who actually canvass other women to tempt them to bet; they even employ children, boys and girls under sixteen, who carry betting slips, and very quickly learn to set up for themselves. In one case reported to the Committee on Betting Duty, schoolboys of ten and twelve had been induced to buy tips and to gamble sums of threepence and sixpence with a bookmaker.

In Liverpool the police report that in 163 betting prosecutions last year 315 children were involved, either as messengers or as scouts to warn the bookies. Evidence given to the committee declared that in the Lancashire cotton mills "women are forced by foremen who are bookmakers' agents either to bet or lose their jobs"!

The evil is like a monstrous cancer eating into the lives of the people. Amongst the easiest victims of the bloodsuckers are unemployed workmen who risk pennies needed for their children's sustenance in the hope to mend their desperate fortunes. There are many cases where victims of the betting habit have been induced to swindle the "dole" as well as the poor-relief in order to obtain means of gambling for escape from the high and dreary walls of their hopelessness.

The state of the laws which pretend to regulate gambling is a stupid muddle and a national disgrace. Of two alternatives, let us choose one—either let us make betting illegal and punishable, amongst high as well as low, or let us recognise it as a national habit, in which the poor shall be as effectively protected as the rich.

THE Parliamentary Committee appointed in 1923 to report on betting practices issued two reports, both condemning the present muddle, confusion and chaos. The majority pronounced in favour of registering all bookmakers and of granting them a licence to trade—much as licences are granted to publicans.

What has happened to these reports? What possible purpose is served by appointing expensive commissions to collect evidence, to collate facts, to arrive at deliberate conclusions, if no legislative effect is given to the result of their labour?

Little but GOOD!
Manikins!—a top-hole smoke
A Joy for the long evenings
The dark chilly nights will soon be with us! Time to draw up the easy chair and take consolation in a choice cigar!
The soothing fragrance of a Manikin will help us to forget that summer has gone, and make us thankful for the cosy evenings that lie ahead. The long evenings call for a change—something more satisfying than a chain of cigarettes—something so fragrant that the whole household enjoys it—in short, a Manikin—no smoke more delightful! Try one to-night.
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CIGARS
5 for 10D
Of Tobacconists everywhere.

LIFE IN A SILENT TOMB

By the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, G.C.V.O.

THOSE who are possessed of all human faculties, and get full enjoyment of life by this possession, are too prone to forget that there are thousands of fellow-creatures who are handicapped throughout life by physical infirmity

THINK of a world in which there is no song and where the haunting melody of music is unknown. This world is peopled with a silent community, isolated from the ripples of the stream and rush of the waterfall, the eternal song of the sea and sound of the wild birds' greetings. Deprived of the most vital means of human intercourse, they are the victims of what Dr. Johnson described as "the most desperate of human calamities."

The affliction of this people differs from most others in that it is not obvious to the eye of the observer. Deafness cannot be seen in a man's face and a dumb woman becomes the object of ridicule in attempting to reveal her infirmity. These poor souls cannot solicit sympathy and court the courtesy of the crowd, like so many of those dissimilarly afflicted. The words "deaf and dumb" are the blazon of a tacit world whose very silence shrieks aloud for human help and pity.

A terrible loneliness

Those of us who enjoy the gifts of speech and hearing should realise that our eyes are to be used in discovering the needs of others as well as locating our own. This mute company is ever with us, missing every sound, but most of all that of the human voice, with its wonderful capacity for expressing everything that makes life worth while. Our voices can never light up with an instantaneous ray, by a chance tone, the darkness of this people's inner world.

Death alone is the best match to the quiet gloom in which they live—a lonely tomb of utter solitude, a solitude so intense that one can hear their beating hearts, already in the grave; their dwelling-place is a wilderness of silence, which knows no independence.

Whilst we cannot break into its isolation by converse, we can do much to dispel its loneliness. Have you ever entertained a deaf and dumb friend? Have you never watched the cold sadness of the eye as it follows every movement of the speaker's lips, and pitied its blankness as it rests upon the faces of speakers lit with the light of laughter and the intelligent appreciation of understanding?

Absent, yet present

If you have, you must have realised that they were further from you than if they had not been present. Your conversation had only contributed to the measure of their loneliness and added to a detachment unconscious of which they would have been were they alone.

There is no intimacy for those afflicted in this way. The quiet jest, a whispered word of love, those confidences which build up friendship, and the happy retorts and exchange of opinions are pleasures to them unknown.

A realm of sealed separation is their habitation, for the main avenues to the entrance of impression as well as to the exits of expression are blocked.

Quite recently a case came to my notice of two sisters, one of whom was deaf and dumb. They lived in a small village existing upon the pittance earned by the normal one, who did washing. Her sister had lived for forty years without the tragic spell of her silence being broken until one day she was visited by a chaplain of the Royal Deaf and Dumb Association, who spoke to her by signs.

Another case is that of a woman aged sixty-two, who became deaf at the early age of three, before she had learned to speak, so that she is also dumb. Forty years ago this unfortunate creature lost her sight, and now lives at home with her mother, who is eighty-four years of age. Completely cut off from all means of human intercourse, this woman was unable to understand anything.

The reward of effort

Persistency conquered, and after many lessons, which were given in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties, she has been taught finger-spelling and now knows twelve words. If given an object she will spell its name upon her fingers, or if it is "signed" to her she will find the object named. She has been taught knitting at which she spends many hours daily.

Some time ago a deaf and dumb man was charged at a police court with a very serious offence. He was unable to realise the enormity of his crime or the deplorable position in which he found himself. A police officer advised him to plead "Guilty," although he had not the slightest idea of such an action. The case, however, was remanded and a chaplain took the opportunity of explaining fully the man's position, with the result that he was handed over to the care of the association and the chaplain appointed as probation officer.

A legacy of the War

These cases represent thousands of such throughout this land, who stand in need of immediate help, and I feel those of us who enjoy the benefits of the twin faculties of which these people are denied are not without some responsibility.

In London alone there are more than four thousand people who are deaf and dumb, the largest aggregation of them in the world. England and Wales contain 39,151 children who live under the shadow of this scourge and its kindred terrors of blindness and mental affliction. Sad, indeed, are the stories which can be related of this handicapped populace.

A young lad, deaf and dumb, undersized, and blind in one eye, arrived at the age when he had to start to earn a living. Unable to undertake the task of finding a job for himself, a friend, on his behalf, made over one hundred calls. A berth was secured for him eventually, in spite of the fact that his earning power was far below normal. On account of this a little difficulty arose with the trade union authorities, according to whose rule he must be paid full rates of pay.

The position has, however, been under their consideration for some time, and it is hoped that a special arrangement will be made whereby he can continue his work. He is now twenty years of age, and gives every satisfaction to his employers.

These men offer no difficulties to the trade unions, as in most cases their earning capacity has in no way been depreciated. Yet there is a reluctance on the part of employers to engage them, although they are representative of some

The Earl of Shaftesbury

of the best mechanics, clerks and skilled labourers in the country to-day.

But no doubt the greatest pull at the heartstrings of the nation is made by the children born into this heritage of taciturnity, and who figure large in the claims made upon the country. I have seen this multitude of wide-eyed mites, gazing in wonderment at the lips of a speaker. Unaware of their own deprivation they stand in awe of the thing they most need.

Teaching them is a difficult work, requiring both skill and patience. They are taught to read books, lip signs, and to "speak" fluently by finger-spelling, so that the joys of conversation are not lost altogether.

The State provides for the education of deaf children up to the age of sixteen, but it is when they leave school and have to make a start in life, against the stress of modern competition, that they need help and guidance. It is here that the Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb comes to the rescue.

Workers with a conscience

The obligation of the State should extend further than a mere subsidy to institutions working on behalf of these people. It is not enough that they should be prepared to enter the struggle of life, but that means of employment should be found where these poor creatures could be ensured a living wage and be overlooked by those who understand something of their physical disabilities.

Any such institution under State control would be assured of being self-supporting, as these people are most conscientious in discharging their commitments.

There are certain treatments for the deaf which make claims that call for investigation, and which in the interests both of the State and the afflicted people call for a larger interest on the part of the Government.

Any claim made in this direction should at once be made the subject of a careful investigation, particularly in its relationship to the large number of shell-shocked victims who have come under the stress of this affliction within recent years. Lack of means is the great barrier to many of these sufferers, and I feel that the way to a cure for them should be made as easy as possible.

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CHARLIE CHAPLIN
(The Famous Film Actor)
in his BARRY OVERCOAT.
(From photograph by Personality Photo Press.)

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Notwithstanding the phenomenally low prices at which Barry tailoring is sold, you ensure that your garments will be separately cut and tailored for you to your specific and individual instructions. Your special desire as regards pockets, stitching, finish, style of lapels, etc., etc., are faithfully observed by our cutters and tailors. This is a special unique feature of our business. As much care is paid to your individual order as though you went to the highest-grade Bond Street house for your needs. We undertake to refund the full purchase price plus 2s. 6d. extra by way of indemnity if we fail. Where'er you reside by this pledge we abide.

A £5. 5. 0	An £8. 8. 0	An £8. 8. 0
ALL WOOL SUIT to measure for £2. 0. 0	Superfine WORSTED SUIT to measure for £4. 10	Bond Street DINNER JACKET SUIT £4. 7. 6 The perfection of Evening Dress wear.

SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS

of our brand new season's suitings and overcoatings. Tweeds, Worsteds, Naps, Cheviots, Meltons, Vicunas—a profuse collection, indeed.

FREE Patterns, Fashion Plates, Measure Chart are yours for the asking. Send us a postcard forthwith, when they will be sent per return.

Learn in a few seconds how simply—and without risk of mistake—you may measure yourself with an accuracy rivalling that of a qualified tailor. The responsibility of your satisfaction rests entirely with us.

ALL ORDERS DESPATCHED WITHIN 7 DAYS AND SENT CARRIAGE PAID AT OUR RISK ENTIRELY.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS OR CALL.

Those calling may be measured in our Showrooms.

Special Announcement:

Re The Famous **BARRICO** *Tailor-made*

TRENCH COAT.

(The Absolutely Genuine Officers' 4 in 1 Model.)

An exceptional opportunity has presented itself whereby we have succeeded in buying up big supplies of raw materials for cash on such advantageous terms as will permit us to extend our offer of THE FAMOUS BARRICO ALL-WEATHER COAT

AT THE AMAZING PRICE OF

32/6 POST PAID.

IN NAVY BLUE OR FAWN

Only so long as these raw materials last will the price remain at this sale figure. Seize the opportunity of securing your Barrico NOW. For every climatic condition this coat is indispensable. In wind, rain, storm and shine it is equally useful. On warm, drizzling days the Barrico is likewise the ideal coat, for in five seconds you unbutton the detachable wool lining and the coat instantly becomes the perfect light-weight gabardine raincoat you desire on such occasions. Perfectly Hygienic and Odourless. There is NO RUBBER SOLUTION in the Barrico.

Its protective element is the famous Norsark Oilskin interlining which lines the coat from edge to edge and right through the sleeves. You will need a Barrico, if not to-day, then to-morrow, or the next day—why not secure it at once at this special bargain price? If you do not consider the garment the greatest bargain you have ever seen, return it at once, when your cash shall be refunded in full, plus 1/- extra as indemnity, and this without demur.

Post us your remittance for 32/6 for this wonderful Coat, giving us your height and size round chest over waistcoat, stating whether BLUE OR FAWN SHADE IS PREFERRED.

S. A. BARRY & Co Ltd.

(J.B. DEPT.) 26, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.

(Near Moorgate Tram and Tube Terminus.)

To Bring Back Health's Good Cheer to the DEPRESSED & NERVE-WEARY

Oh, Happiness! our being's end and aim,
Good Pleasure, Ease, Content!
—POPE (Essay on Man).

To bring back Life's Sunshine of Cheerfulness to the Depressed and Nerve-Weary—some thousands of 2-in-1 Glax-ovo First-Aid Gifts have been prepared for Free Distribution.

Each Free Gift Parcel contains:

1—A newly published and helpfully informing illustrated treatise, entitled, "The Glax-ovo Way of Living Cheerfully," and

2—A Trial Supply of Glax-ovo.

See "Contents" of Treatise

1—The Glax-ovo Way of Living Cheerfully.

2—Food Facts You Should Know.

3—The New Disease—"Nerves."
Eating for Health and Happiness.
Discovery of Food's Life-Giving Elements.
The Most Truly Nourishing Daily Food-Drink that Man has Yet Discovered.
The Need Produces the Remedy.

4—The Seven Ages of Man's Health.
Food Aid for Expectant and Nursing Mothers.
The Toddling Age.
A Safeguard for School Children against Over-Strain.
Young People's Need.
When Life is at Full Pressure—In the Prime of Life.
Cups of Cheering Vitality for the Middle-Aged.
A Food-Drink for the Elderly.
Old Age Comfort and Cheerfulness.

5—The Brain-Worker's Most Urgent Need.

6—To Strengthen a Weak Stomach.

7—Sleep for the Sleepless and Unrested.

8—To bring Back the Sunshine of Life to the Depressed.

9—After-Influenza Weakness.

10—Do We Drink Too Much Tea and Coffee?

11—Hints on Health and Cheerfulness?

12—Glax-ovo Information Bureau.

"What can I do?"

The treatise answers this ever-worrying question of the Depressed and Nerve-Weary. In addition, the trial supply of Glax-ovo will enable everyone who sends the following Gift Coupon to begin without delay the re-vitalisation of his or her nerves—by a simple, palatable and inexpensive method of enriching the daily dietary with the Vitamin-rich Glax-ovo food-drink.

What are Depression & "Nerves"?

Depression is the Recruiting Agent for "Nerves." A bilious attack causes temporary Depression, but its chronic state is developed by anxiety and worry, illness or over-strain. The latter causes are almost always accompanied by an interference with the nutrition—loss of appetite and diminished powers of digestion and assimilation. The nerve and brain cells—those higher centres of our being—are the chief sufferers, because they are denied the higher form of nutrition that sustains the soundness of their structure and renews their activating energies.

Thus the energies ebb deeper and deeper into the low-levels of physical, mental and moral Depression and Nerve-Weariness.

To Banish Depression & "Nerves"

Nervous strength does not depend on the quantity of food eaten, but on the proportion of nutrition assimilated by the nervous system.

A delicious cup of Glax-ovo three times daily (at breakfast, tea, and last thing before going to bed) acts as a quickening leaven of improved nutrition for the whole nervous system.

Quickly a remarkable transformation comes about. The tide of nerve-force and mental power rises. The appetite, digestion, and assimilation of nourishment all improve. Sounder, sweeter and more restful sleep follows each day's increasing capacity for work and pleasure. Over-sensitive nerves are calmed and strengthened. The spirits rise, and Life's Sunshine of Cheerfulness once again brightens one's outlook and activities.

A Valuable Experience

FREE TO ALL.

All who would like to experience how wonderfully Glax-ovo helps to build up the vital energies and the sunny spirit of Cheerfulness are here invited to send the following Gift Coupon. Read the Treatise. Test the trial supply. Then obtain and follow on with the contents of a 1/6, 3/3 or large size 6/- tin of Glax-ovo, obtainable from any chemist or stores, and note the daily improvement that will follow.

Glax-ovo is a delicious chocolate-like blend of the Vitamin-Concentrate (now scientifically known as Ostelin) with milk, malt extract and cocoa. Made in a minute with boiling water only—no milk or sugar has to be added—the cost of Glax-ovo works out about the same as tea, coffee or cocoa.

Cut Out and Post this

GLAX-OVO 2-IN-1 GIFT COUPON

To Glaxo Laboratories (Dept. A36),
Osnaburgh Street, London, N.W.

I would like to read your new booklet, entitled "The Glax-ovo Way of Living Cheerfully," also to try Glax-ovo.

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

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A36/17/10/25

The Clubman's favourite.

To suit every PALATE

No matter what your preference in cigarettes—whether plain Virginia, Cork-tipped Virginia or the exquisitely fragrant Turkish—there is a 'Lucana' that will please you. For behind *all* 'Lucanas' is a quarter-of-a-century's reputation as *high-grade* cigarettes.

The original big expensive 'Lucanas' smoked by the élite of five continents—have, in fact, always been in a class apart—of outstanding excellence even among *high-priced* cigarettes.

The recently introduced standard popular size 'Lucanas,' although sold at a popular price, have all the superb qualities of the original extra-large 'Lucanas.' A change in the size and packing accounts for the difference in price. We *guarantee* there is no change whatever in the quality, either of tobaccos or paper. Even the traditional exclusive 'Lucana' blend has been faithfully preserved.

'Lucana'

Pronounced: Lu-kah-na

The Luxury Cigarettes

Made in 3 VARIETIES

'66'—PLAIN VIRGINIA
CORK-TIPPED VIRGINIA
'99'—TURKISH

For any and every occasion.

The old & famous 'Lucana' Quality yet only

6D for 10

A BLACK PLAGUE

by SIR ROBERT A. HADFIELD *(Chairman of Messrs. Hadfields, Ltd.)*

IT is futile to look to the Government to save the country from ruin. The leaders of industry, both Capital and Labour, must get together and work out the means of salvation

HOW much longer is the country to be torn and disturbed by industrial strife and unrest? Why are our post-war troubles not nearly over as they largely appear to be in several countries which I could name? The reasons are manifold; the remedy is simple, if we would but be firm.

Firstly, as to causes. Our troubles, I fear, are not yet even in their last stage, because there is no check on the utterances of paid agitators in industry as there is, to some extent, on the speech of those who try to create disaffection amongst loyal subjects.

Already they have communicated something of confidence in their own money-bought, disreputable creeds amongst the workers of the country. Dreaming of an ideal, misled by calculated lies, the workers seek more from industry than it can give. Strikes, lock-outs, time-wasting conferences, and at last arbitrary courts, and millions of lost working days are the result.

We don't all work hard enough, either, and we don't all pull together. Those who have it dare not bring out fresh capital, because the present outlook presents the almost certain prospect of loss. And the Government has not yet realised the terrible urgency of the situation.

The plague of strikes

These are chief amongst the causes responsible for the present very black industrial outlook. I am convinced that unless something is done to remedy matters, the country must face serious financial troubles, even if not widespread chaos.

The remedy, I believe, is simple. Do as Sir Charles Wakefield and others suggested some time ago, and spare no effort to bring about an industrial truce. For a period of five years, say, let us stay the plague of strikes and lock-outs which has played such terrible havoc with the industrial progress of Great Britain.

Staggering as the figure may seem, it is an established fact that in five post-War years the average loss in working days is well over 36,000,000. Between 1915 and 1918, both inclusive, the average loss was 4,500,000, and in the eight pre-War years it was 12,500,000, 1912 being the blackest industrial year since the beginning of the century with a loss of 41,000,000 working days. In the seven years of the century previously the average was 3,000,000.

Cannot we manage to have a period with no working days lost, so that we may manage to make up what we have lost since the War in our industrial and commercial prestige?

A threefold benefit

I am confident that if an arrangement of this kind could be made, our war debts would rapidly decrease and would soon be paid off; capital, a main source of power and progress, and equally beneficial to worker and works, would be heaped up again and could be used for development; confidence and stability, and consequently credit, would be re-established on a sound basis. These would bring about cheaper production, more employment, and better conditions for the worker.

If the term of five years should be considered too long—although a really peaceful period could never be too long for industry in its present state—the period could be made less. But whether the period be long or short, it is certain that if the truce does not come about, or if industrial stoppages and lockouts continue, the important and urgent necessary development of the Empire, in consequence of increased population, must be hindered.

Bolshevism's red hand

That, of course, appears to be the avowed aim of the Bolshevists,' for whom no one, not including themselves, can say a good word. At least I have never read or heard of anything attractive in this essentially Communistic movement, which is neither possible, nor, if it was possible, would lead to world progress. Bolshevism would not lead to peace and a better understanding between the nations, but would bring the house down on our head.

In such a case we should only have to start and rebuild as Russia is finding it necessary to do, otherwise why all this talk on their part urging trade credits and other facilities in different countries? Trade credits and other facilities will be readily afforded Russia if she shows that she has become sane and will fall in line with the honest efforts of the world generally to improve the environment of those who live in it.

Behind the industrial troubles of this country one can have but little difficulty in detecting the red hand of Bolshevism. It is that red hand which is directing all the puny, mean, soulless and money-starving agitators, who from orange-box and platform utter their ridiculous misstatements.

The first step in seeking for an industrial truce and national prosperity is to get rid of these agitators, to whom progress is synonymous with destruction. Once they are out of the country, or where they cannot do harm, the rest will be easy.

Startling statistics

Above all else, however, the economic salvation of this country can only be found in the principle of the largest possible production. The British workmen are often maligned, but my experience is that, if they are left alone, better workers do not exist. But they are being misled, of late, to such an extent that they find themselves in a morass from which they can be extricated only by a big effort both on their part and on the part of politicians and industrialists.

Industry would be saved, if only the working man could be brought to realise that these devastating strikes and lock-outs could easily be avoided, and that he would be the first to benefit.

My own firm provides the best example that I can think of at the moment. A statement was recently prepared giving an approximate estimate of the results of strikes and stoppages at Messrs. Hadfield's Sheffield works during the pre-War, War and post-War periods.

Between 1869, when the firm was founded by my father, and 1919, a period of fifty years, whilst we had occasional small differences with our employees, we never had a real strike or lockout which caused the shutting-down of the works. It was not until the year 1921 that the serious trouble began.

Up till then the utmost good feeling had always prevailed between our workpeople and ourselves. That good feeling,

Sir Robert Hadfield

I am proud to say, still exists, but in that black year the axe fell on us all alike without any just cause or reason. There was no dispute of any kind between us and our workmen. Between 1919 and 1924, the total wages lost to our workmen amounted to £730,000. That figure causes one to think deeply when it is remembered that in the period 1911 and 1924 the total wages lost amounted to £847,000.

Biting a friendly hand

The stoppages which caused these losses were of no earthly advantage to our workers. Not only were they a most serious disadvantage to them, but they hit the firm which, I can claim without boasting, tried to serve them faithfully.

My conclusion, therefore, is that if only the worker on the one hand and the employer on the other could be brought to see that strikes and lockouts are fatal to the true interests of both, our industrial outlook might soon take on a brighter aspect and the problem of unemployment would practically solve itself.

The expenditure of fresh capital, which cannot now be obtained, the execution of contracts with certainty, and increased employment would be certain to follow.

At the present time, there are very few workmen who realise how low the margin between cost and contract has been cut—how slender is the margin of profit. Nowadays, a stoppage resulting from a strike of even a few days will take away all the profits on a big contract.

Work that doesn't pay

Restricted hours of labour are, to some extent, doing that now by reducing output. Production is decreased, and it is being made increasingly difficult for us to compete with foreign manufacturers. There can be no doubt about it that while 90 per cent. of the workers of the country are employed, a great proportion of the work for which they are engaged actually results in a loss.

That cannot continue indefinitely, and as my last illustration of the urgency for quick and full consideration of the whole subject, and prompt and drastic action, let me add that a famous expert has informed me that if present conditions continue there will be a serious increase in unemployment before long

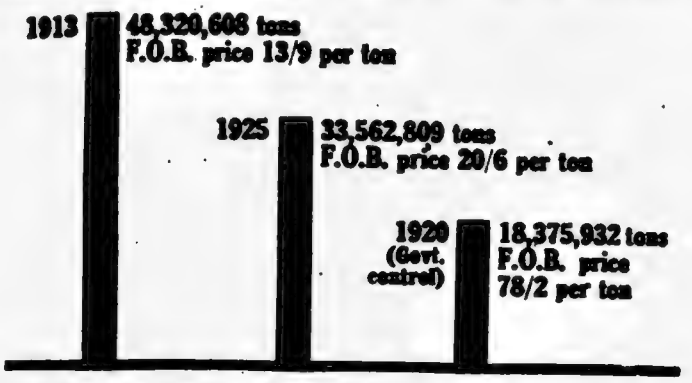
No. 4.

COAL and the TAXPAYER

Lost Markets

Nationalisation would not cure this.

THE following diagram shows the tonnage of coal (excluding bunkers) exported from Great Britain during the eight months ended August 31st in the years 1913, 1920 and 1925, together with the average price, free on board. The figures are taken from the Trade and Navigation Returns issued by the Board of Trade.



About 400,000 mineworkers depend upon our coal export trade for their livelihood.

Our export trade has fallen because our prices have been too high for our foreign customers.

Prices depend upon cost of production per ton, which depends upon output.

Socialist speeches will not compel foreign customers to pay more for our coal.

Nationalisation would not restore our lost exports of coal.

And in 1920, under Government Control, those exports were not much more than one-third of what they were in 1913, and the price was more than five times as high.

FACE THE FACTS

Issued on behalf of the Colliery Owners of Great Britain by Philip Gee, 40, King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2, from whom further information about the Coal Mining Industry can be obtained.

COOL TO THE LAST SHRED.

It goes into your pipe fresh, fragrant, enticing. It tumbles out a clean, fine ash leaving no half-burned embers, no waste—and no regrets.

St. Julien
TOBACCO

A Tobacco of uncommon Merit

per 10½D. OZ.

Mrs Everyman

My husband could not get away - does it matter Mr. Drage?

Mr. Drage: Not a bit. The selection of furniture can safely be left to the lady. The man has the proud privilege of paying.

Mrs. Everyman: There was one question he wanted me to ask—what happens if misfortune prevents us from paying?

Mr. Drage: Under the usual hire purchase agreement you would forfeit all the furniture. Under the new Drage Way you would keep what you had paid for—less a small deduction for use and cartage—and only return what you had not paid for.

Mrs. Everyman: That's splendid, Mr. Drage. Now, I've exceeded my estimate by spending £80 instead of £70. I'd be so glad, Mr. Drage, if the terms I had intended on the smaller amount could remain.

Mr. Drage: When a lady makes a proposal I am "as clay in the hands of the potter." I gladly agree to your terms.

Mrs. Everyman: How nice of you, Mr. Drage! If I pay only £7 now and 35/- a month afterwards, all the £80 worth of furniture will be delivered on Monday next?

Mr. Drage. Certainly. And if there is anything your husband does not like we will gladly exchange it.

Mrs. Everyman: That is most considerate men are so difficult to please. Now, about references, Mr. Drage?

Mr. Drage: It's an essential feature of the Drage Way that neither references nor securities are required, and, furthermore, not a penny is added for interest or booking fees.

Mrs. Everyman: My husband will appreciate that.

Mr. Drage: Now, a free Fire and Life Policy, issued by the Eagle Star and British Dominions Insurance Co., will be sent you, and our men will lay all floor coverings free.

Mrs. Everyman: I like your courtesy and generous terms, Mr. Drage, but most of all I like the fact that whatever happens we can't lose a penny when dealing with Drage's.

FURNISH OUT-OF-INCOME DRAGE'S WAY

It is simply this: All the guaranteed furniture, whether a single piece or a complete houseful, will be delivered in plain motors to any address in Great Britain carriage paid directly the first agreed instalment is paid. The balance is discharged by equal monthly payments spread over 1, 2 or 3 years. Drages require neither references nor securities, no extra charges whatever are made for credit, and a free Fire and Life Policy is given you. Should unforeseen circumstances arise you can depend on the utmost consideration, and if you are compelled to cease payment, you will get full value for all you have paid.

Fares are paid to London on all completed orders of £50 or over.

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Next Holborn Tube Station *Phone Holborn 6720*
Open 9 to 6.30 (including Saturdays) *Close Thursdays at 1*

The Famous Book of the Drage way gladly sent post free to all mentioning "John Bull"—

Life is wonderful now

THE hours and money and temper I wasted on wireless would make *any* man's wife sore with broadcasting. The only piece of humour in the whole affair was the reception I was forced to call "music."

NOW everything has changed!

Our evenings are an endless pleasure.

No matter how excellent your receiver, perfect reception is a question of using the right valves.

There is a real Master Valve with majestic volume, great range and purity of tone. A valve that spells happiness from the moment you insert it into your set.

If you appreciate real music for your wireless evenings at home you will appreciate

Mullard Single Ring Master Valves

NOW ONLY 8/- each.

Leaflet V.R.26 gives complete information. Ask your nearest dealer.

Mullard

THE MASTER VALVE

Advt. The Mullard Wireless Service Co., Ltd., Balham, London, S.W.12.

The Sentence of the Court

THE HOARSE GUARDS

Comic Colonel Charged

WHEN charged with conspiring to stage a farce the script of which had not been submitted to the Lord Chamberlain, Colonel Fitzjohn demanded to be tried by court-martial.

This demand having been laughed out of court, Mr. Watchdog, K.C., opened for the prosecution. "I am possessed of only vague information regarding the nature of the farce the accused has been conspiring to produce," said counsel, "but the company of playactors formed to present it has its headquarters in Fitzroy Street, W.1, and calls itself the National Guard.

"Of this weird organisation the doubtless gallant, but, I fear, incurably stupid, colonel is comedian-in-chief.

"The manifesto of this, the latest of numerous similar comic troupes—such as the Most Noble Order of Crusaders, the Most Humorous Order of Black Shirts, and the O.M.S. or Order of Mummery and Swank—contains the customary threat to the use of 'force if necessary,' while the statement of its aims shows that its members suffer from the usual delusions of such bodies—namely, that the Constitution is in need of being propped up like a 'sozzled' reveller, that the Crown requires to be 'protected' like partridges in February, and the civil authority 'assisted' as if it were a poor relation.

"IT is time that gentlemen like this Colonel Fitzjackass realised that the raising of private armies is an offence, and that individuals who propose taking the law into their own hands risk receiving an imprint from the law's own foot in a place where no gallant soldier cares to sustain a wound."

* * *

"I do not deny that my client has acted foolishly," said Mr. Strawsplitter, "but the person who should be in the dock is not Colonel Fitzjohn, but Sir William Joynson-Hicks. It is the undignified eagerness shown by the Home Secretary in bestowing his unctuous blessing upon another privately equipped police force that has fostered the illusion that the King's Government is incapable of maintaining law and order off its own bat and has to rely upon bats in private belfries."

* * *

"THE prisoner and other silly soldier men," said Mr. Justice Bull, "must understand that the public is sick of military melodramas, limelight tattoos and other provocative displays. Similar movements conceived in the spirit of comic opera have ended in the reality of tragedy.

"What is the use of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald repudiating class-warmongers at Liverpool if they are blessed in Whitehall? If at any time trouble should arise between the classes and the masses it will be due to the antics of the asses, of whom the prisoner is a choice sample.

"As I can only assume that his imagination has been inflamed by a diet of trashy fiction, I must direct the prisoner to enter into a bond to refrain from reading 'twopenny dreadfuls' like the *Mourning Post* and to divert the military ardour of the National Guard into some useful channel, such as a war upon cockroaches."

In Sunshine Ward

A Parson's Love Story

"Marriage or Your God?"

by PHILIP INMAN

ROMANCE in a hospital—what a paradox it sounds. Disappointment and pain, tragedy and death, yes; but romance, well it seems hardly credible. Yet a hospital is not the sordid and sickly place many people imagine it to be. Bruised, broken and battered men and women are found within its doors, but for everyone who succumbs at least fifty are restored.

And life is often all the sweeter after having passed by the gateway of death. It is certain that it will be so to the man and woman whose story I am to relate.

* * * * *

THE first scene in this drama of life is laid in the superintendent's office of one of London's great hospitals. A knock at the door is followed by the entrance of a young fellow in clerical attire. A week of mental anguish has left its mark upon him. To stand by impotent and to watch the torture of one who means more than life itself—that is to drink the cup of bitterness to the very dregs.

The man's voice shakes as for the hundredth time he asks, "How is she now?" The superintendent picks up the telephone receiver and enquires. "Just about the same; the crisis is expected to-night." "To-night," repeats the padré tensely, "to-night." Before the dawn of another day he will know the best—or the worst.

THIS man is a curate in a London parish; the patient a clerk in a stockbroker's office, and they are engaged to be married. It was under romantic circumstances they met. A small boy, climbing over the railings in Hyde Park, fell and badly gashed his leg. The girl was trying to bandage it when the parson came along.

That meeting led to their engagement; it also led to his losing his first curacy. His vicar was a celebate—held strongly that no clergyman should marry. Instead of congratulating his colleague, he wrote him, "Marriage or your God—which?" The curate replied, "Marriage *and* my God—both!" and sent his resignation.

Then came the opposition of his parents. To marry a clerk, a nobody, would be throwing himself away they said. He took her home for them to see. The father received her with frigid indifference, the mother was definitely hostile. But he could forgive them everything, for during her illness they had been splendid

In a small private ward lies this girl patient. "Angel face," the doctor calls her; it fits her exactly. It is not innocence, but purity which shines in her eyes. Her mother has been dead five years, and her place of abode is a girls' club in Baker Street.

AT one side of her bed sits a nurse, at the other is the mother of her fiancé. She has not left her side for three days except to snatch a little food. The patient has been breathing heavily, but suddenly she quietens down and slowly opens her eyes. In a voice which sounds far away she asks, "Am I going to die?" It is the elder woman who replies, "I hope not, I'm sure not." Then after a time the patient mutters, "You hope not—but Ronald—you said——"

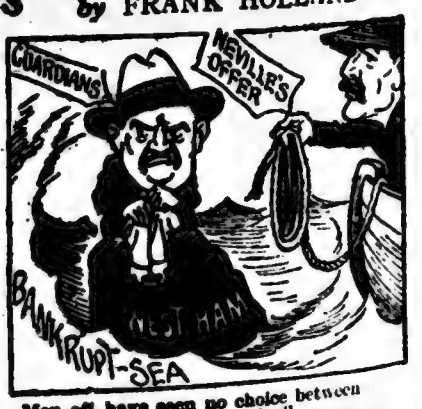
The woman takes hold of the girl's hand and, with a new love shining in her eyes, says, "Oh, my dear, you have got to live for him;" then, in an undertone, "and for me." "Angel Face" will not fail her lover—and his mother.

Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

It's clear to all that bread must fall
Still more in price, altho'
The bakers say we've got to pay
Because they "need the dough."

No giant he can claim to be
In any way at all,
But since this slap!—poor little chap!—
He's feeling very small!



Men oft have seem no choice between
The deep sea and the devil,
But here's one who's compelled to choose
Between "bankrupt-sea" and Neville's

AN INVALUABLE WORK FOR BUILDERS.

By

Harry Bryant Newbold, M.S.A.

"House and Cottage Construction" is an entirely new and original work, and is a complete treatise on the Designing, Planning and Construction of practically every type of moderate-sized town and country house, cottage and bungalow.

The whole process of Building is fully demonstrated, each phase carefully and simply explained, supported by data, often packed in the form of tables for easy reference.

PLANS AND ELEVATIONS.

The plans and elevations have been contributed by well-known architects, including Ralph Knott, the architect of the London County Hall.

Every phase of Construction is dealt with: Masonry, Brickwork, Concrete, Half-Timber Work, Painting, Joinery, Plumbing, Plastering, Carpentry, The Steel-Square and How to Use It, Sanitation, Roofing, Thatching.

"House and Cottage Construction" describes the very latest practice in interior and outside sanitation, including plumbing in all its forms. It also deals fully with Materials, Recipes, Mortars, Mastics, Paints, Cleaning Compounds, Finishing, Repairs and Remodelling.

The work is lavishly illustrated, and great pains have been taken to make the illustrations comprehensive and instructive; there are full-page plates in colour, half-tones, and hundreds of line drawings in the text.

AN OPINION.

Mr. W. Edwards, of Evans and Edwards, Builders, Sedley Street, Anfield, Liverpool, writes:—

"'House and Cottage Construction' is the best and most up-to-date work I have seen on the subject. It is full value for the price you ask."

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It covers every aspect of the trade.
It solves many perplexing questions.
It shows how to overcome difficulties.
It shows how to remedy defects.
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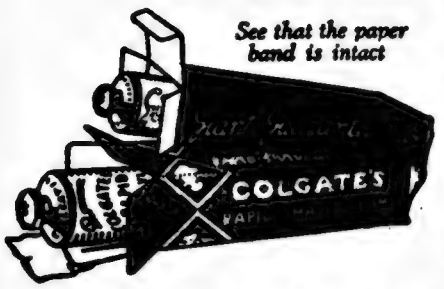

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CHILDREN WITHOUT HOPE

by SIR RICHARD REES

DISCONTENT with present environment is not always a bad thing. When it leads to an endeavour to work for better things this discontent is to be encouraged

DO we progress, or is progress a myth? Do the city workers of, say, Manchester or Chicago lead happier and fuller lives as the result of the invention of railways and wireless telegraphy? Are the future citizens of Britain going to be better equipped for the battle of life as a result of our accumulated scientific knowledge?

Few who have seen the housing conditions of Glasgow, for example, or even the slums of Westminster, will dare to answer "Yes."

But yet we *have* advanced and progress is not a myth. The proof may be given in the words of Winwood Reade, author of one of the few great world-histories: "The Greeks and the Romans were merely small societies of gentlemen reigning over a multitude of slaves." To-day, at least in theory, we are all equal and our communities are self-governing.

The danger of ignorance

Supposing that you, democratic reader, disagree with me. Be you never so powerful and never so wise, if I can persuade John Smith, your gardener, and Mary Jones, your washerwoman, that I am right, we can outvote you and our opinion will prevail over yours.

That is democracy, the great experiment. Obviously then the future of civilisation depends upon the ability of our citizens to choose the right course and follow it. If democracy wants the right things and is prepared to submit to the discipline of working out the right method of obtaining them, the great experiment will succeed and civilisation will consolidate its achievements and attain to higher levels.

But a half-educated democracy can only end in a reaction to Bolshevism or Fascism. If that reaction were to spread at the present time it might mean such a collapse of world-civilisation as would proclaim the failure of man and cause the forces of evolution to select some other creature for their high purpose.

Sir Richard Rees

What steps, then, are we taking to ensure that democracy knows its will and how to accomplish it? To-day the average British citizen's education is over at fourteen. At that tender age he comes face to face with the unfriendly world in the struggle for a living. *According to figures given to a recent conference on Adult Education at Oxford, 67 per cent. of London boys and girls of fourteen to sixteen are out of touch, not only with any form of higher education, but even with any club or social organisation at all.*

We are allowing all these young people, the hope of the future, to grow up knowing that their conditions are bad, knowing that they have been deprived of those things which should be the common birthright of all mankind, and knowing little else.

"Endless people," says Mr. H. G. Wells, ". . . . find the present world almost intolerable," and goes on to say that perhaps "the occasional intense loveliness of Nature and the rare gleams of human dearness and greatness" make their discontent more bitter.

But, after all, this may be the most hopeful sign. So long as it does not end in that desperate mood which leads to violence, not in the hope of achieving anything, but as a relief from the staleness of life, this discontent may at last compel us to organise an educational system worthy of the qualities of our people. Then at last we may come to see that education is something more than the instruction of children in reading and writing and such general knowledge as will qualify them for the post of office-boy to Lord Rothermere.

Life-long pupils

We may discover that education is a process which should be continued throughout life, and that the most important part of it is that which equips a man to take his place in society as a worker for the common good politically and socially, as well as in industry.

It is at least certain that unless we realise this we are doomed. We have tasted of the apple of knowledge. We must go forward or perish. It is education or chaos.

The Languid Youth

by FREDA UTLEY, B.A. (*Lecturer in History in London University*)

THE other day, passing down Bond Street, I saw an immaculate youth come out of a manicure parlour and languidly enter a waiting Rolls-Royce limousine. A chauffeur in uniform opened the door for him, deferentially held the lit match for the cigarette taken from a gold case and, with a salute, climbed into the driving seat. He was a nice-looking young man, tall and slender, and dressed in last-word clothes.

But he started a train of thought, for somehow, in a country boasting a million and a quarter of unemployed, with closing collieries, shipbuilding yards, and stagnant foreign trade, he seemed just a little out of the picture.

THEY had just such young men in Rome when the great Roman Empire was sliding with a terrific rumble from the height of world-power into the abyss of decadence and ruin. History has a trick of repeating itself. Just as it reproduces the same types, so it reproduces the same economic and social conditions.

Will Great Britain pass from the dominance of world-power to eclipse, just as Rome did before it? The future alone can give us the answer to that question. But we can consider the facts of to-day and see what they tell us.

Rome declined after long and exhausting war. We are declining after a long and exhausting war. Rome saw her soldiers turned into a great workless army clamouring for bread. We have a million and a quarter of unemployed, the vast majority of whom are ex-Service men.

What did Rome do with that problem of the unemployed? Exactly what we are doing; she gave them doles—doles of corn, oil and lard. In that she showed more sense than we have done—she gave the actual means of life instead of money.

TO meet these vast expenses the working community of Rome was taxed up to the hilt. The people who bore this burden were the industrialists and agriculturalists. In Great Britain to-day who bears the enormous burden of post-War taxation? The same classes.

In Rome, crushed by these burdens, both these essential classes revolted. They failed to produce as they had done in happier times. That is precisely what is happening to-day in England. Our great industries are working half time or closing down, our farmers are turning their lands into grazing. The producers are being crushed in Great Britain to-day, just as they were crushed in Rome in the third century.

Rome imported her vices from the East; Asia taught her the poisoned philosophy of pleasure. And we, in our turn, are allowing those same age-old vices of the East to creep into our life like a malignant, all-destroying disease.

Not so long ago family life meant mutual service, loyalty, obedience to a head, and virtue in its women. To-day plays, books and conversation ridicule the old and despised virtues. Women ignore the moral code and young men avow themselves votaries of exotic vices.

The history of every great civilisation of which we possess records tells the same monotonous story. And then comes the seed of decay: Rigid rules of conduct become lax; standards of morality weaken; luxury, produced by superfluous wealth, starts to eat into the hardiness of the conquerors. And the day arrives when the barbarian is at the gate. Then it is too late. The dominant race goes down; it becomes the servile race.

SUCH is the lesson of history. The moral it points to Great Britain is plain enough. If we are to win through we must profit by the follies, the blunders and the vices of other and older civilisations which have paid the penalty and disappeared from the world stage.

The enemy that destroyed Rome was not the Carthaginian: it was the lascivious, vicious youth on his scented litter—not what he stood for. Great Britain was not destroyed by the hosts of the Kaiser William II. But she may be yet by the Bond Street friend—by the follies and vices for which he stands.

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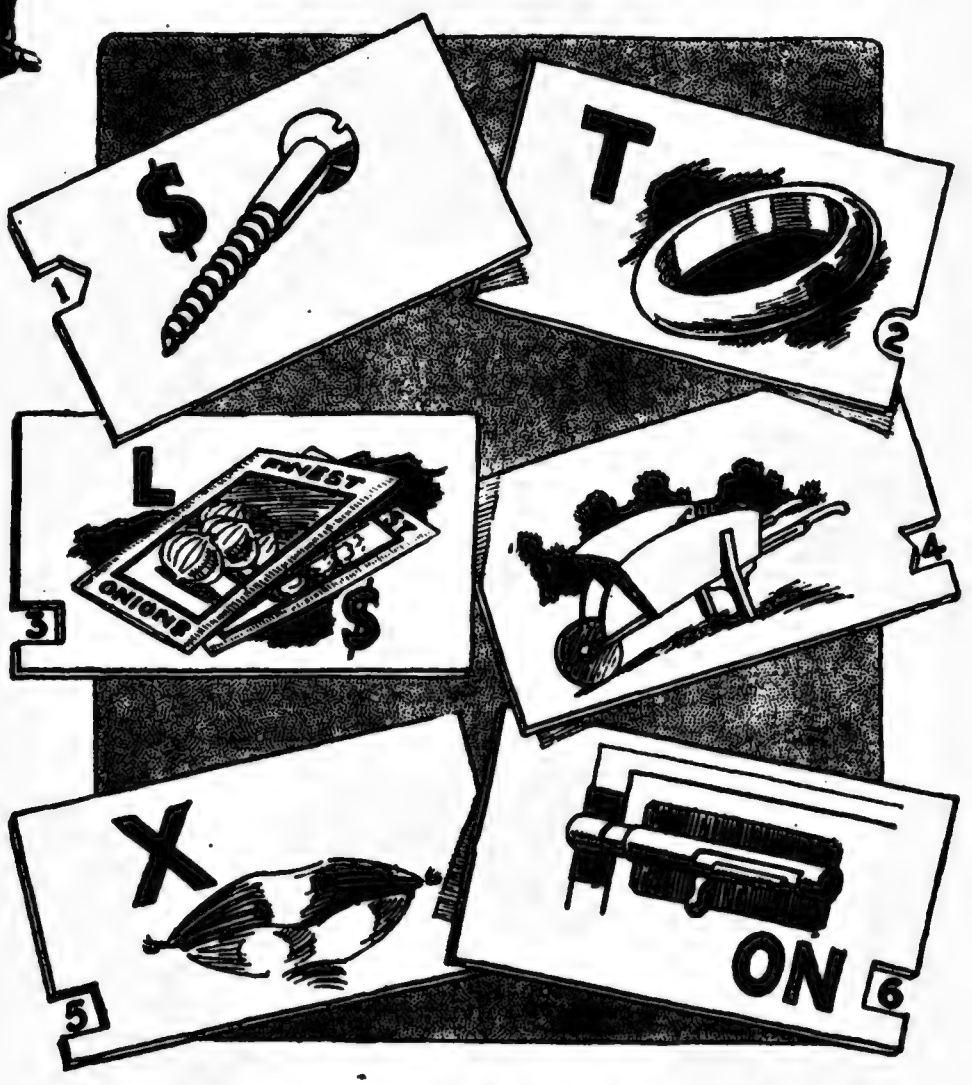

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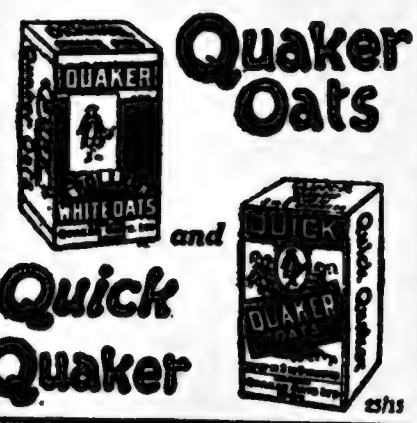

Quaker Oats and Quick Quaker

2/11

Words Winged to Women

The Golden Kettle

Taxes We Must Resist

by **MABEL HORNER**

FACTS and figures make dry reading. Few things could be duller than the financial columns of a morning newspaper. Possibly not many women cast a second glance that way. It is a pity. Take, for instance, the publication the other day of the latest Treasury returns. Just a bald statement to the effect that in the first half of the financial year expenditure in this country exceeded revenue by £35,972,025.

Taken as it stands, it is a mere string of figures, from which many a woman would turn impatiently, seeking more interesting fare provided by "Woman's Page" experts, and seeing no connection between this colossal sum and the household hints and the cookery recipes, provided especially for her reading. Yet the connection is of the most intimate and disastrous sort.

Continuous "doing without"

If a working man one pay-day came home and informed his wife that henceforth his wages were to be heavily reduced, would she not understand the vital connection between that bald statement and her housekeeping? None better. Her mind would instantly leap forward in miserable anticipation of the future.

She would picture, instead of having enough for comfortable week-end shopping, the bit over for an occasional small luxury, or the coin put away against a rainy day, the misery of pinching and scraping to make ends meet. She would anticipate life becoming one constant "doing without."

She would foresee making shift with old things, long outworn because her purse would no longer hold sufficient wherewithal to purchase new. And this is the future foretold for women by the Treasury deficit unless they wake up in time and see that it doesn't come about.

To put it simply, Mr. Churchill is failing badly in his national housekeeping. He is proving a bad manager. In spite of his irritating tax upon silk—which too late he discovered to be wood pulp—the Chancellor's weekly expenditure is more than his income. His accounts do not balance. Like most bad managers, instead of reducing waste and expenditure, he wants more money, and *he wants to get it from women.*

Already the Board of Trade, one of the deciding factors, is taking into consideration proposals for a whole series of fresh taxations. Brooms and brushes, kettles, saucepans, knives and forks, paper, cardboard, leather bags, crockery, glass and blind-cords—all the common articles whose fitness makes or mars the little kitchen—are considered ripe for tax. The things of everyday use to the housewife, if taxed, will soar unbearably in price. And herein is wickedness. Listen!

Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P., whose Budget scheme presses most hardly on women

War on family life

Years ago I visited a poor man's wife who shortly expected to become a mother. Her rent for four decent rooms, with offices, was 4s. 6d. weekly. Though bacon was 6½d. a pound, bread 5d. the 4-lb. loaf, and sugar 2d. a pound, there was no way of getting comfortably through her coming trial but by providing beforehand. With pride she showed me her stores, gathered together week by week, against the day of confinement. Even when commodities were cheap it was difficult.

To-day it is worse. At Coalville police court an expectant mother collapsed pitiably when convicted of stealing money. She bore a good character, but she was distracted by the thought of coming motherhood for which no preparation had been made, and when confronted with sudden temptation, took the money to buy a few things.

Her story rang true. Fortunately for our humanity, she was believed, bound over, and sent home in a car instead of to prison.

These proposed new taxes spell war on family life. The decencies of the little kitchens, the heart of every home, will be bombed out of existence. That is unless women say "No!" and insist that economy in high places be substituted for this abominable outrage. Never before has a stronger call come to the eight million enfranchised women of this country. *What are they going to do about it?*

Mechanical Parents

Children who Mope in the Nursery

by **Prof. HUMPHREY HOWARD**

A MAN said to me the other day: "I have seven children. They're all getting a good education, have a good time, and a perfect home. We're fairly well off, and we can afford to give them certain advantages of life. All this talk about birth control is eyewash!"

Now, I do not in the least intend to discuss the pros and cons of birth control in the ordinary sense. They have been gone over time and again.

But there is an aspect of the question which, up to now, has been completely ignored. It is a question that affects the rich as well as the poor. It is: How many (or how few) children can we have in our family so that we can give *each* the individual care and attention necessary to make him or her grow into a useful member of the community?

THE man with the seven children is giving his boys and girls a good education. But how much of his own time and personality can he give to each of his offspring? How much can his wife?

The father is sending them away from home to some dreary boarding-school just as soon as he is able to get rid of them. His wife had to have nurses and governesses and tutors to look after her growing family. She herself was able to give each of her children a very minimum of her time and personality.

Here is a family, well-endowed, which is a family only in name. How much more difficult, therefore, is the case of the poorer man and woman with a large family! If the man and woman with money is guilty of neglect (and I am bold enough to say that it *is* neglect), what chance has the woman whose husband brings in £2 or £3 a week?

I SHALL be told that there is no neglect, that children brought up in a large family are always better children than the little boy who mopes alone in his nursery. I believe that it is desirable that several children in a family work for one another's good. But I cannot believe that each member of a family of seven has a better chance of becoming a real citizen—even with money advantages—than has each member of a family of, say, three or four.

We must not forget the mothers. She must have a recovery period for herself, and a period during which all her time and care and attention are lavished upon the new little member of the family.

The same can be said of the father. To give proper attention to his new boy or girl, he must know that there is no possibility of another family "event" in the following year. His mind must be free of worry, financial or otherwise. He must be free to do his share with his wife in giving the child everything in life that it should have.

The rest and recovery period for mother and child is bound to be considerably less, of course, in the family of seven or eight than in the family of three or four. The smaller family grows together in strength and affection. It has time to learn and meet the requirements—mental and physical—of each individual, *including those of the mother and father.*

Surely this is a better ideal, a better thing for manhood and womanhood, than indiscriminate breeding. The rights and wrongs of birth control have nothing to do with this. This is a matter of the rights and wrongs of each individual of every family that will ever be!

FAMILY life is our most sacred institution. It is up to us, not only to preserve it, but to let it grow in beauty and strength. It cannot grow in beauty where children are begotten who are unwanted.

It will gain if we see the thing as a whole, forgetting our little selfishnesses, learning respect for our womenfolk, acquiring that knowledge that will let us have children when we want them and will keep out the unwanted.

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Human Documents

The Terrible Sequel

A Rejected Disciple—Thief and Liar—Hoodwinked Husband

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. In cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others, correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"SINCE I wrote to you describing how I had been inveigled across the Atlantic to marry an American, with whom I had got into communication through the Universal Correspondence Club, a shocking thing has happened.

"You will remember that you published my story under the heading 'Lured to Misery.' After three months of subjection to the brutality of my husband and the cruelty of his mother, I was compelled to return to England, broken in health and practically penniless, and you advised me to communicate with the American Consul.

"BEFORE I had time to follow your advice, the wretch I married sent me an American newspaper containing the following:—

"'Legal Notice to Non-Resident.—A— B— C—, known as A— B— D—, whose address is —— ——, England, will take notice that on the 5th day of September, 1925, the undersigned filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Clermont County, Ohio, a petition for divorce on the ground of extreme cruelty, impotency and fraudulent contract, said case being numbered on the dockets of said court as No. ——. Said case will be for hearing on and after the 24th day of October, A.D. 1925. Said defendant is required to answer said petition or judgment may be taken against her.—X— Y—, Attorneys for Plaintiff.'

"It is queer to read that he charges me with extreme cruelty, for I am only a little frail girl, and I was in fact under the doctor for one month out of the three while I was there, and he is 6 ft. 1 in. tall and weighs 14 st.

"THE horror of it all is nearly killing me. I have never done anybody any wrong, and my hands are so tied that I cannot defend myself, for I have nothing while he has money to burn in making me suffer for something I am not guilty of and do not even understand.

"If he succeeds in freeing himself, do I become a British subject again, or what is my position?"

"Humanist" says: *The sequel to your escape from the misery to which you were lured is indeed a shocking one. You can only go to the American Consul and ask him to intervene on your behalf. If your husband succeeds in divorcing you, you will still remain an American citizen, but you would regain your nationality by marrying a British subject. You should write to the Home Secretary and tell him your opinion of this pernicious Universal Correspondence Club.*

"I RECENTLY came to reside in this town of over 200,000 inhabitants in the dual capacity of minister of the gospel and boot-repairer.

Sermons in Shoes

"Having presented my credentials, I accepted an invitation from the pastor of the largest Non-conformist church to take the next Sunday morning and evening services. Though the building is one of the largest places of worship in the town, it could not accommodate all the people who came to the evening service. The pastor thereupon invited me to take his place for the following four Sundays while he was away on holiday, and for the first two of these Sundays the people could not all be admitted.

"In the meantime, I had taken a modest place in which to follow my trade. When this became known, the congregation dwindled so that it could almost have found room in the vestry. Whatever spiritual eloquence the people thought they had discerned in me was evidently discounted by the knowledge of my secular occupation.

"However, the church authorities, having found that I am of no further use in the town as a minister, are now paying the travelling expenses incurred in sending me each Sunday into neighbouring country districts, where the fact that I am a boot-repairer is less likely to leak out and become a stumbling-block to the salvation of souls.

"I am now offered a small church on the condition that I abandon my trade altogether. Kindly tell me, 'Humanist,' whether you think it would be advisable to accept the offer or 'stick to the last.'"

"Humanist" says: *Living example is of more lasting effect than mere eloquence. While it is true that the first disciples left their nets to follow their Master, Paul, the greatest missionary in history, endeared himself to the working-classes by toiling at tent-making as he taught them, and you may preach powerful sermons and still mend shoes. So stick to your last.*

"I WAS married on Christmas Day twelve years ago, and I have scarcely known a single happy day since. My husband told me that he only married me to show that he was honourable, for unfortunately I had given way to him and I was a mother before we had been married many months.

Despicable Meanness

"He has said plainly that he has no love for me or my child, and he has knocked the little fellow about so shockingly that I had to get the N.S.P.C.C. to warn him about his brutality. Now that the boy is growing up he is cruel to him in other ways. He runs a small pig and poultry farm, and all this summer he has compelled the lad to go there after school and work until dark, cursing and bullying him all the time.

"His meanness is almost incredible. When his relations visit us he is all smiles and treats them well, but when they are gone he keeps me short of housekeeping money for weeks after to pay for their entertainment.

"The climax came a few weeks ago when my father was dying. My mother sent me £5 so that I could go home to be with him at the last, and my husband took the money to buy pedigree ducks and wrote and told my mother I was too ill to travel.

"He laughs when I call him cruel, and says I cannot do anything as he does not raise his hand to me. Please tell me, 'Humanist,' must I go on living with such a heartless husband?"

"Humanist" says: *I do not think any magistrate would refuse you a separation order with maintenance against a husband capable of such refined cruelty and despicable meanness. Apply through the justices' clerk at the local court, and your case will receive sympathetic hearing.*

"I RECENTLY paid a visit to my father's and stepmother's home, and was horrified to find that my stepmother had become addicted to excessive drinking in secret.

A Drunken Stepmother

"My father, who is a sober man, has no idea how his home has been impoverished. I have three young sisters and two little brothers at home. Most of the feathers have been removed from their beds and replaced with rags, and the girls' winter underwear is all in pawn. My father recently bought an overcoat for each of the boys, but meeting them without them, he told them to wear them the next day.

"My stepmother, who had pawned the coats, adopted an ingenious ruse to deceive my father. She sent one of my father's old coats to the pawnshop, and finding it would only redeem one of the boys' coats, she made the boys pass in turn before my father's office wearing it, the first running back by a side street to hand it over to the other.

"Should I tell my father of the deception his wife is practising?"

"Humanist" says: *Your father must have been very pre-occupied not to have noticed that something was wrong in the home. You should certainly tell him, so that he may take steps to remedy matters.*

His Mercenary Mother

"I am a young man of twenty, out of work, and, unfortunately, without unemployment benefit. My mother declares that if I cannot give her money she will turn me out. From the age of twelve until recently I have worked, earning wages varying from 6s. 6d. to £3 15s. a week. The whole time I gave all my wages to my mother, sometimes receiving 2s. pocket-money, sometimes not. Must I be left homeless now?"

"Humanist" says: *Your mother seems to be showing a very mercenary spirit. The only thing you can do if she turns you out is to go to the relieving officer. She will then find herself compelled to pay for your maintenance in the workhouse.*

Married for Worse

"I am in despair regarding my wife. Soon after her baby was born she became so careless in matters of cleanliness that we have had notice to leave the rooms we occupy. The child is abominably neglected and nothing I can say seems to have any effect. What can I do?"

"Humanist" says: *You married for better or worse, and I am afraid you must put up with it. If the child is neglected, you should call in the N.S.P.C.C. or the medical officer. The birth of the child may have affected your wife's mental ability.*

A Dole Difficulty

"My husband is out of work and receives only 22s. State benefit for himself and our two children, I having given up my portion thinking I could help my aged father in a little business which, however, does not provide sufficient to support us. Can my husband earn a few shillings without forfeiting his right to unemployment benefit?"

"Humanist" says: *He can, but the conditions under which he may do so are somewhat complicated, and he should apply to his labour exchange for particulars. If he does not declare the whole of his earnings he may find himself liable to prosecution for obtaining benefit by false pretences.*

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A Fresh-air Creed

Gipsy Smith's gospel of common-sense comes as a welcome breath of fresh air after the stifling and overheated atmosphere in which most forms of religious belief exist. He makes religion a thing of the open air and the broad walks of everyday life, instead of shutting it up in some tiny compartment, to be entered only on Sunday, and even then from a sense of duty rather than of pleasure. We need to realise that religion is concerned with the whole of life and that, if it is to serve any purpose, the whole of life must be affected by it and permeated with it.—*M. M., Beckenham.*

Religion and Happiness

Plain men whose minds have recently been exercised on the subject of religion owe thanks to Gipsy Smith for his simple interpretation of religion. Untrammelled by too much academical knowledge, he is able to define the religious life and conduct for plain people to follow. Gipsy Smith in his preaching and life exemplifies how it is possible for a follower of Christ to be truly happy. A few more Gipsy Smiths in the Church militant, and no more will it have to weep over deserters from its fold.—*Nat, Brockley.*

The World's Hope

Gipsy Smith's article, "The Plain Man's Religion," reveals a door which has long been hidden by overgrowth. Many of our churches to-day are too high for the plain man; he cannot grasp the superior knowledge required for his his salvation; he, therefore, becomes a lost soul. It behoves all common-sense preachers and evangelists, to seek and save such. I believe in the plain man's religion, which makes him a good citizen and the hope of the world.—*A Plain Woman, Tottenham.*

The Changed World

Gipsy Smith gets down to the real facts. Eliminate the ritual, melancholy and gloom from present so-called Christianity, and we shall have less reason to complain of the lack of interest in better things. We are not so morally bad as we are painted, and men and women want something better. When our spiritual leaders adopt themselves to the world's changed conditions, the plain man and woman will become interested.—*S., Oldham.*

A Confounding Confusion

Gipsy Smith appears to confuse "religion" with "teachers of religion." In religion, as in all the deepest essentials of life, the aim is the main thing—not the path to that aim. There are, of course, people who take their joy in being miserable, and neither argument nor revolution will change their views. Equally, one finds followers of orthodox Christianity who are as happy and joyful as Gipsy Smith would have them be. There are twelve gates to heaven; we do not all enter the same way.—*H. N., Herne Hill.*

Bad Exemplars

Too many of our preachers to-day look upon their positions as a trade—to make money and to see that they don't offend the folks who are finding their salaries. How many of our present parsons would take up their jobs if they had to do as the Disciples of Jesus did—look to the people of the country they traversed to feed and clothe them. Another thing, too, is the fact that most church and chapel goers do not show the best examples of a Christian's life.—*Jaynn, Bradford.*

Churches' Criminal Silence

If the public teachers of righteousness persist in their criminal silence with regard to public wickedness, they must not blame the man in the street for making the pulpit responsible for national and collective crimes, by simple refusal to recognise them, either by denunciation or instruction. The plea to the individual to be saved when there is no lead as to how he is to be "saved" in business, in politics, in leisure, in war and in peace, is a proved failure.—*G. H. B., Norfolk.*

Dogmas and Ologies

The "Man in the Street" is crying out for plain religion, but when we have three hundred and odd different sects, who all believe in the same God, no wonder he is in a maze, and looking for a correct lead. We build wonderful churches, which overawe many people, forgetting that the Master Himself was an open-air preacher. Let us cut out the dogmas and "ologies" and call a spade a spade, then we may get a religion for the plain man.—*J. P., Southsea.*

Pulpit Paraphernalia

Gipsy Smith strikes a true note when he emphasises the human side of a religious appeal and rightly condemns what he terms the stilted paraphernalia of the pulpit. But, even then, one realises how difficult it is to get men and women to respond to the mere pulpiteer, for even roving evangelists have often spoiled a great appeal for right and honest living by an insistence on accepting their narrow interpretation of a truth.—*R. S., Birmingham.*

Christianity and Sweating

Some time ago in a leader you asked if there was no man big enough in the Churches to preach Christianity as a cure for our social ills. Gipsy Smith answers the query in his article, by stating the truism that "Religion would mean an end to sweated labour and social evils generally, developing in every man the latent instincts for the high and noble things." JOHN BULL is to be thanked for bringing to light a truly practicable solution.—*E. B. L. C., Glasgow.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"SURREY ADVERTISER":—"Three shop premises were practically destroyed by fire in the early hours on Monday NEXT."

"CHESTER-LE-STREET CHRONICLE":—"They have had SEVEN children—THREE sons and a daughter."

"GIRLS' FRIEND LIBRARY":—"She wore on her shapely BARE feet quilted satin SHOES."

"LEYTONSTONE INDEPENDENT":—"Wanted to rent, house, MIDDLE-AGED, or six rooms."

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY":—"Only about half the eggs we eat in this country are HOME LAID . . . . it is the same with FRUIT."

Wage Slaves

The modern girl in too many instances is the victim of slave-driving employers. Thousands of girls in shops, factories and offices receive wages which are insufficient to feed and clothe them decently. What is the result? Too often they are driven to the streets to a life which seems so easy compared with the other. Much as legislation has done to improve the condition of the working girl, a great deal more pressure could still be brought to bear on unscrupulous employers who exploit this class of labour.—*Veritas, Grantown-on-Spey.*

The Mother's Aim

The dangers of birth control are easily outweighed by its advantages. It is all very well to talk about people sinking to such depths of selfishness as to refuse to bear children. It is not the mass but the individual who matters, and each individual brought into the world has a right to a decent home, good food, clothes and education. Fewer children mean more room, and more room means better health, which is every mother's aim.—*Mother of One, Birkenhead.*

Change the Film

The extravant display and callous indifference of the rich would not be so evil in its effects if the illustrated papers did not broadcast it so flauntingly. Let me suggest that, for a change, these journals publish pictures of slum housing, queues of disheartened men struggling for a job, harassed shopkeepers worrying with relief tickets, hungry children, and so on. This counterblast of poverty might touch the hearts and understanding of the rich, and make them realise the terrible contrast between the "haves" and the "have-nots."—*Peckhamite, S.E. 15.*

The Miner's Hell Hole

A few days ago I was invited to go down a coal mine. Clad in old clothes, I descended the shaft and proceeded to what the guide termed the "hell hole," and a hell hole it was. There were the hewers working with barely four feet between floor and roof, picking and shovelling away for eight hours in that fetid atmosphere for 9s. 6d. per day. Seeing what we saw made me think of the present high price of coal and wonder where the leakage was. It is time the Coal Commission moved, and moved to some purpose, too.—*S. W., Lowe.*

Efficient Directors

Your leader on "Hands Off Wages" hits the right spot, around which many employers have been floundering the last six years. Efficiency and not economy should be the keynote of each director. With a general tightening-up of channels where waste and carelessness seem rampant. Every shop-steward should make a note of your remarks, and bring them before his manager. This would lead to the goal for which both masters and men are seeking, and that without reducing the spending capacity of the masses.—*H. C., Staffs.*

A Correction

By a typist's unfortunate error the statement appeared in my article, "The Scapa Flow Tragedy," that "it takes 8½ tons of pig iron to produce a ton of steel." All those conversant with the steel trade will recognise this as an obvious misstatement.—*Hotel Inspector, M.P., London, W.C.*

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Radio Talks

Fewer Broadcasting Stations?

by Professor A. M. LOW, Fellow of the Radio Association

THERE are some wireless grievances which are worth bringing to the notice of the listener-in. The first arises from the suggestion that the B.B.C. may abolish a large number of the small transmitting stations and replace them by a few high-powered transmissions only.

Radio science to-day is in an elementary stage. True selection is scarcely possible, but developments in this direction are taking place with the greatest rapidity. One of the great charms of wireless over many other kinds of entertainment is in its infinite variety.

Any reduction in the number of stations is liable to result in programmes which are too standardised, and, as it is impossible to satisfy everyone, *variety is a necessity*. If wireless users will have patience, they will be able to use selective sets and then they can choose their programme.

THE wireless public hardly appreciates the difficulties with which the B.B.C. has to contend. No two people ask for the same programme, and the only music that seems to appeal to everyone alike is that of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas. The B.B.C. is not allowed to broadcast Gilbert and Sullivan for copyright reasons, just as they cannot broadcast theatre programmes.

This looks like a case for the Wireless League, and the radio manufacturers would presumably support any request which was of a national character.

I have little sympathy with the licence "pirates." They are merely trading upon the honesty of those who have paid.

The new Amplion loud-speaker, arranged without the cumbersome horn, and possessing the acoustical advantages of a trumpet, is a step in the right direction. It can be built into loud-speaker sets very neatly, and it fulfils one wireless ideal in that music from a concealed source becomes practicable.

QUITE one of the most interesting sets that I have ever seen is shortly to make its appearance under the name of the Rotola. Its great features are simplicity of control and purity of music. The Rotola apparatus is the result of experiments conducted by one of the biggest manufacturers in England, with the great object of obtaining accurate reproduction.

Their de Luxe set is arranged with a change-over switch and two stations can be tuned in without any mutual interference and left so that either can be put on to the telephones or loud-speaker by a touch of the finger.

Another accessory which made its bow at the Albert Hall Exhibition was a simple apparatus for controlling wireless sets from a distance. By its use, the receiving apparatus can be placed in some convenient spot with wires taken to the loud-speaker in the room. From a tiny panel the set can be switched on and off as required or tuned in to different stations. Something of this kind may be greatly appreciated when Paris is properly relayed to England.

Why cannot Paris be brought by land lines to London and broadcast out to all of us? We would do away with troublesome atmospherics and avoid interferences from generating stations which are at present so common with Parisian loud-speaker results.

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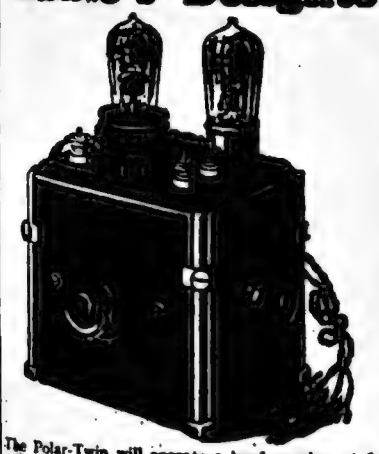

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Backers and Their Rights

Cambridgeshire Latest—Punters Have No Rights—Tubed Horses—Some Sensational Wins—Two Bad Months for Backers

BY the time this issue of JOHN BULL is fully circulated the Cesarewitch of 1925 will be Turf history, and I am hoping that Winalot, Vionnet, or Mandelieu—I still prefer them in the order named—will have landed the first half of the big double.

The Cambridgeshire Front

The Cambridgeshire has been pushed into the background for the moment, but there will be a certain liveliness in the market once the result of the long-distance race is known, particularly if one of the short-priced division wins. The layers who specialise in double events will protect themselves by contracting prices.

Brighter London Backed

My early fancy, Amethystine, is progressing well; Coram, Steve up, is fancied; Brighter London, the horse in joint ownership who was entered by both partners, has been backed heavily, and I am not losing track of B.D.A., of whom little has been heard since he failed at Newbury. There is a good race to be won by B.D.A.

Punters Have No Rights

"Twisted" asks me: Have backers any rights? As this query has reached me on numerous occasions this season, I am using my notes for a general reply. Until the Gaming Act is altered the backer has no rights. He can always take a case to the courts, but if his bookmaker is a wrong 'un and pleads the Gaming Act, the punter invariably loses.

Betting in the Ring

Betting in the ring enclosures is not illegal, but the Gaming Act does not, on the other hand, state that it is legal, and the backer would have difficulty, if it came to a law suit, in enforcing his claim. The safe way is to find an honest bookmaker; there are plenty of them about. JOHN BULL has an up-to-date list of welshers, and if you write to our Free Advice Service about the bona-fides of any bookmaker we shall be only too pleased to let you know if he is on the black list.

Tubed Horses

One thousand three hundred and fifty guineas is a big price to pay for a tubed horse, and yet there was keen competition to secure Sunstone. Eventually the four-year-old was knocked down to the Hon. G. Lambton. To me the sight of a tubed horse is a nauseous one, and I am surprised the Jockey Club allow them to compete in races. I believe they are banned from French courses. The operation necessitates tracheotomy, and the gaping hole and at least an inch of the silver tube in the horse's neck are always visible.

Taylor at the Top

Alec Taylor, the Manton wizard, is certain to head the list of winning trainers once again as regards £ s. d. Stanley Wootton, Captain Hogg, Earl and Cottrill have all sent out more winners this season, but Taylor, as usual, has captured the big stake races. At the moment of writing his horses have won forty events worth just on £50,000. Money may be tight, but there is always plenty down Manton way.

Last Away but First Home

I was very pleased to see that the nobblers did not succeed in stopping Manfred from going to the post and winning the Australian Derby. In the good, or bad, old days these "gentlemen" would have suffered the fate of the horse-stealer—on the end of a gibbet. Manfred's win was sensational, inasmuch as he was left half a furlong. It needs a good horse to make up leeway of this description, but it has occurred on several occasions. I have a vivid recollection of the crowd surging on to the course behind the Derby field in Jeddah's year. Suddenly there was a yell and a scamper to get out of the way of Otto Madden's 100 to 1 mount who had been left at the post. Jeddah was last away and first home.

Kilbroney's Great Met. Win

Kilbroney won the Great Metropolitan of 1911 in an equally amazing fashion. His field had gone twenty lengths before he said good-bye to the starter. Another more recent gallant effort I witnessed was Lighthouse's race in the Esher Cup at Sandown Park last year. He conceded lumps of weight and a thirty lengths' start to Boscombe, and only failed by a head to land the spoils.

Bad Months for Backers

October and November are not money-making months for backers. The wise punter either takes a holiday from punting or backs on a reduced scale. At the back-end of the season fields are unwieldy, form does not work out well, and the unconsidered long-shots pop up with monotonous regularity. The reason is that October, and particularly November, are the getting out periods for trainers who have had a lean season. The result of their activities is Bookmaker 1, Trainer 2, Backer 3.

Ally Pally Scrimmages

After the spill in the Juvenile Selling Plate at Alexandra Park, the Stewards warned young Gordon Richards to keep a straight course. Personally, I think the A. P. frying-pan is more to blame than the jockeys. With big fields, scrimmages are bound to take place. I had a very good view of the A.P. mix-up in which Donoghue, Perryman, Ingham, and several other jockeys were concerned. The only one to suffer was Ingham, who lost a number of teeth, but they were all very lucky.

Gordon Richards

The Walker

I heard an amusing story of a punter who went to A.P. with the sole intention of having a big bet on Perfect Son—it was a certainty. Describing the race to a friend on the following Monday, he remarked, "I was told it was going to walk home."

"Did it?" asked the listener.

"No, I did," said the disconsolate backer.

"SILVER RING."

FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK

Charles Surface is being leniently weighted in selling handicaps. He is sure to score in the next week or two.

Don't miss Uralite next time out. The two-year-old side-stepped an engagement at Lingfield which was at his mercy. The stable lost over this one at Newbury.

Flaith Mor opened in the market for the Welbeck Selling Handicap at 10 to 1, and was rushed to 100 to 30. Remember this fact the next time the gelding runs.

Little Red Rat is a filly who has improved rapidly since the opening of the season. When she ran second to Sunderland at Nottingham she had some useful handicappers in the rear.

Allerton was passed on to me as a good thing for Thirsk. The youngster did not run, but the tip was broadcast in the ring at Alexandra Park. He should be worth a small stake for the first engagement he meets.

FIDDLE.—This youngster was not disgraced when beaten by Blazing Light at Nottingham. Another nursery is certain to come her way.

Saturday's racing takes place at Lingfield. Ossie Bell likes to win at this meeting.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Sporting Chronicle, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow News Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail.

2 U M L T E C W N X B V 3 S

A F H Y R K J P I Z G Q O D

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be.

T3L2YMKT3I would read ROYAL HERON.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, October 14, to Tuesday, October 20.

"Soccer" Selections

WEEK-END COUPS

6 HOME.—Aston Villa, West Ham, Preston, Rochdale, Swindon, Bristol Rovers.

5 HOME.—Liverpool, Middlesbrough, Portsmouth, Swindon, Dundee.

4 HOME.—Middlesbrough, Preston, Rochdale, Bristol Rovers.

3 AWAY.—Bury, Northampton, Partick.

3 DRAWS.—Sheffield Wednesday v. Derby, Luton v. Brighton, Falkirk v. Airdrie.

3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—West Ham, Swansea Bristol Rovers, Coventry, Southend.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Swindon, Bury, Leeds v. Huddersfield.

FORECASTS FOR OCTOBER 24

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.

HOME WINNERS.—Birmingham, Blackburn Rovers, Bury, Huddersfield, Manchester C., Sunderland, Tottenham.

AWAY WINNER.—Arsenal.

DRAWS.—Cardiff v. Manchester U., Everton v. Leeds, West Bromwich v. West Ham.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION II.

HOME WINNERS.—Barnsley, Bradford C., Chelsea, Darlington, Derby, Port Vale, Southampton.

AWAY WINNERS.—Middlesbrough, Sheffield Wednesday.

DRAWS.—Blackpool v. Wolves, Clapton v. South Shields.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III (NORTHERN).

HOME WINNERS.—Ashington, Crewe, Doncaster, Nelson, Southport, Wigan, Wrexham.

AWAY WINNERS.—Rochdale, Chesterfield.

DRAWS.—Coventry v. Durham, Lincoln v. Grimsby.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III (SOUTHERN).

HOME WINNERS.—Aberdare, Brighton, Millwall, Northampton, Norwich, Plymouth.

AWAY WINNERS.—Swindon, Exeter, Charlton, Bristol Rovers.

DRAW.—Bristol C. v. Reading.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

HOME WINNERS.—Airdrie, Dundee United, Falkirk, Hearts, Motherwell, Queen's Park, Glasgow Rangers.

AWAY WINNER.—Celtic.

DRAWS.—Clydebank v. Raith R., Cowdenbeath v. St. Mirren.

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Place Doubles and Trebles if horses named and if also backed for a win.

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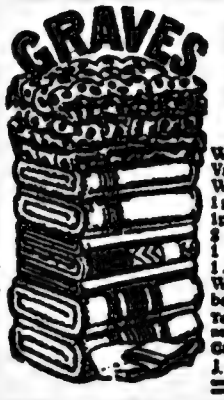

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MY FREE BARGAIN LIST

John Bull Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

AN encyclopædia is a most useful book; it gives information on practically every subject on which knowledge is sought.

"John Bull's" Free Advice Service goes even one better than this. It not only gives information on any matter referred to it, but also gives instruction as to the best way the knowledge may be turned to account.

A stamped addressed envelope will secure the encyclopædic knowledge of our experts.

OLIVER T. (Kennington).—"I don't know what put it into my head to get married." We expect she did.

L. C. (Clapham).—"He never opens his mouth at meal-times." How hungry he must get!

D. I. Y. (Bath).—"I was taken in." And now, naturally, you are put out.

T. L. (Hatfield).—"I have seen Charlie Chaplin's new picture." The little man will be delighted.

A. T. L. (Dalston).—"The cashier disappeared with £400." Running expenses, we suppose.

R. M. (Canterbury).—"I should like to obtain work in a bank." Well, there's money in it, anyway.

T. P. B. (Taplow).—"I told the big idiot what I thought of him." What did you do then? Ring off?

TOM (Chelsea).—"My pal always leaves me to pay for drinks." One of your close friends.

R. A. (Preston).—"My grandfather has been to Court." What was the charge against him?

T. Y. (Littlemore).—"When she married a foreign nobleman it was a blow for me." Yet it was she who took the count.

MRS. G. (Hampstead).—"To please hubby I bought a two-guinea hat." Did he rave over it?

A. T. (Peckham).—"I was writing some verses in the park and an official came up and spoke to me." The laws against leaving rubbish about are very strict.

M. D. (Biggleswade).—"I can write a letter with plenty of punch in it." You should teach boxing by post.

M. P. (London, W.C.).—"I frequently play a game of dominoes in a tea-shop." We're afraid you're leading a wild, hectic life.

L. B. (Swanage).—"Does handwriting denote character?" If it does your character has a lot of blots on it.

J. B. C. (Paisley).—"Football is not a game for women." But there are a lot of dazzling full backs among them.

S. M. (Surbiton).—"What is the difference between a really bad cold and influenza?" The amount of the doctor's bill.

F. P. R. (Dunstable).—"Why do so many young soldiers walk out with made-up, overdressed flappers?" Perhaps to show they aren't afraid to smell powder.

C. V. (Hastings).—"The tramp to whom we offered some work just looked round and then swore horribly." He took a cursory glance, in fact.

J. B. D. (Ealing).—"Few servants seem to be all right in these days." On the contrary, they seem to be nearly all left.

T. P. (Hayes).—"I shouldn't mind paying income-tax on a big income." We shouldn't mind paying income-tax on an income as big as some people's income-tax.

A. T. (Cheltenham).—"I know enough about drugs to make up any ordinary medicine I want for myself." Seems to us you want both to dispense with a doctor and without one.

MARJORIE F. (Colders Green).—"My mother says that the fashionable 'nude' colour for stockings is most improper." She is evidently shocked at the bare idea.

MRS. G. (Accrington).—"Many men owe a lot to their wives." And more owe a lot because of their wives.

J. C. (Surbiton).—"The tailor put a shamefully clumsy patch in my trousers." Tell him you won't pay his bill unless he gives you a re-seat.

V. D. (Whitechapel).—"My wife's head troubles her a lot." A very common complaint among wives when the autumn styles in millinery are shown.

J. L. S. (Swansea).—"Things are getting nice and ripe for a few revolutions." Yes, the kids are beginning to lay up Catherine wheels against the fifth of November.

F. A. (Bolton).—"If a man dreams of unpaid bills what does it portend?" That old troubles are likely to crop up again.

EMMIE (Kensington).—"I don't think going into Parliament makes women beautiful." It will certainly never make them too beautiful for words.

W. S. (Skipton).—"I'd never be happy if I married a girl with less brains than myself." Don't worry, you never will.

B. B. (Hornsey Rise).—"When I called your commissionaire gave me a very nasty look." He says you certainly had a nasty look, but he never gave it to you.

G. N. (Norwich).—"I often wonder why I continue to live." Possibly because you post your contributions instead of bringing them round by hand.

MRS. H. (Islington).—"I hate idleness and am a real busy bee." So long as you don't buzz round this way we shan't object.

G. F. (Manchester).—"It is three years since I took my B.A. and am still at home." Allowing your PA to keep you, we suppose.

MRS. M. (Dawlish).—"Night after night I kept a silent watch by the bedside." Why on earth didn't you wind it up?

LOUISA (Swinnerton).—"I have discovered all men are only clay." Have you been trying to make mugs of them?

R. M. (Shoreditch).—"I married a widow and she wants me to give up cigs." Well, she gave up her weeds for you, so it's only tit for tat.

H. G. (Birmingham).—"A vast amount of money must be made out of inferior perfumery." Yes—we've heard that the makers' profit is something like cent. per cent.

L. W. (Peckham).—"My son, after performing some comic antics in my presence, announced his intention of going on the music-halls." He seems to have given you quite a turn.

"UNLUCKY" (Eastbourne).—"I even qualified for a waiter's job in order to keep things going." On the principle, we suppose, that everything comes at last to the man who knows how to wait.

A Better Feast

LITTLE Jack Horner sat in a corner
His perky young face all aglow,
And, lying near by,
Was his untouched plum pie—
You see, he'd this week's *Passing Show!*
Happily reading; no time for feeding,
He said: "I've a better treat here.
I'll never be glum
For each page has its plum!"
So his pie was uneaten, I fear.

A. B. (Crouch End).—"I don't get on, because I'm temperamental." More temper than mental, probably.

C. S. (Leeds).—"He seized my wrist, but I had hold of his hair." Then you certainly had the pull on him!

E. N. (Finchley).—"I married a nurse during the war." So she's a matron now.

W. L. P. (Stoke).—"My firm has to build a 300 ft. chimney in two months." Rather a tall order, eh?

B. L. (Hexham).—"Because I was late at keeping an appointment, my girl will have nothing to do with me." She turned you down because you didn't turn up.

P. W. (Weeley).—"A woman is not much good at choosing a present." She's pretty shrewd, however, at selecting a future.

L. G. (Pontefract).—"Some magistrates seem to think pedestrians should carry lights." Possibly they think it might help them to become livers.

NELLIE P. (Clapham).—"I know I shall be awfully nervous on my wedding day." Until he has actually said "I will," we presume.

L. D. (Keswick).—"Shingling is as popular here as spice cake at Christmas." A case of cut and come again.

MAURICE G. (Leeds).—"Brown suits will be worn again." And again and again unless the price of new ones comes down.

V. W. (Morpeth).—"My rule is, 'Follow your nose and go straight.'" But what are you to do if your nose isn't straight?

H. S. (Canterbury).—"When she cut her hair to spite me, I told her she wasn't the only pebble on the beach." No, nor the only shingle on the shore!

V. S. (Trowse).—"Here's an anomaly. A straight drink makes a crooked walk." Here's another. It's the empty head that gets full.

H. A. E. (Bristol).—"People who blow their noses are a nuisance." Maybe. But people who don't blow their noses are a greater nuisance.

D. S. (Balham).—"I am an innkeeper, and I see that the closing-hour rules are strictly enforced." If the customers object, do you have them carried out?

H. C. (Glasgow).—"I have bought a book on 'Singing Made Easy.'" Can you recommend one on "Listening to Singing Made Easy"?

C. A. (Coulsdon).—"My neighbour's hens all seem to lay at the same time, and the result is a deafening cackle." We suppose they egg each other on.

D. L. C. (Kew).—"I saw a couple spooning desperately at a tea-table in the beautiful gardens here." Love-making on the Kew tea, in fact.

C. E. T. (West Kensington).—"I am very fond of talking about physiognomy." Hope you don't concentrate too much on the jaw.

J. G. (Exeter).—"Why not furnish a house as a *Bullets* First Prize?" In *Bullets* this week we are furnishing a hundred houses—with *Bullets* turkeys.

R. M. (Yarmouth).—"My missus nags me from morning to night." We suppose that the remainder of the time she's "sound" asleep.

MARY (Richmond).—"My grocer was most rude when I complained of high prices." Evidently not a "Civil Service" store.

F. R. J. (Wandsworth).—"For some time I have tried to make an income by authorship, but so far have had no return." Perhaps you forgot to enclose stamped and addressed envelopes.

G. C. (Winchester).—"I forgot to get a receipt from the carrier, and now he declares he never took the things at all." He seems to have got you in the cart, too.

J. P. (Sandgate).—"My son had some fishing-tackle for a birthday present, and the next day he played truant from school." He seems to have had the rod a day too soon.

LILY G. (Dalston).—"My *fiance* will insist on wearing an ugly scarf that his mother gave him." But you musn't expect him, for your sake, to give up all family ties.

"ACTOR" (Kennington).—"I consider that, in dispensing with my services, the manager treated me most ungenerously." Not at all; though he was up against you himself, he didn't mind someone else taking your part.

"FRESHER" (Oxford).—"Why do so many men at the 'Varsity wear torn and shabby gowns?" Well, you must remember the undergraduate has always had a weakness for "rags."

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

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2. A GREAT FREE GIFT
3. A Share of
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There is **still time** for you to start to win £100 in Cash, £50 in Cash, £10 in Cash, or perhaps one of the other hundreds of other valuable Prizes.

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And as with your generous Free supplies of the Hair-Health, and Beauty-promoting preparations you banish **your own** hair troubles, so you can share in the Great Cash Prizes Plan which is arousing such intense interest throughout the whole country.

HAIR HEALTH-GIFTS FOR ALL, AND CASH TOO ! !

This most popular "Harlene-Hair-Drill" Plan, with Gifts and Prizes sent broadcast, has met with a magnificent reception—and no wonder, for not only can you secure **at once** your own valuable Hair Health Gift, but help to win for yourself a big Cash Prize, or a handsome Toilet Dressing Case.

But you must start **at once** by sending the Coupon below. For your own personal use you will immediately receive this splendid hair health parcel:—

1. **A Bottle of the scientifically prepared "Harlene," the Tonic Hair Grower which conquers hair troubles, and stimulates a new, thick, healthy hair growth.**
2. **A Packet of the fragrantly perfumed "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, which rapidly cleanses and refreshes the hair and scalp and prepares the head for the actual "Drill."**
3. **A Trial Supply of "Uzon" Brilliantine which gives a final touch of elegance and polish to the hair, and is of especial value if the hair or scalp is inclined to be "over-dry."**
4. **A copy of the highly interesting and instructive "Harlene-Hair-Drill" Manual which contains the true secret of growing healthy hair.**

You are under no obligation in accepting this complete and, of course, hair-growing Outfit, you need not unless you wish, enter for the big Prizes. But it is certain, when you read the simple conditions of the Competition that are sent you with your free supply of the "Harlene-Hair-Drill" preparations, you will at once realise how easy and pleasant it will be for you to join in with thousands of others throughout the country and start to win a Prize.

SPECIAL NOTICE to the GREY-HAIRED

If your hair is Grey, Faded or quickly losing its colour, you should try at once the wonderful new liquid compound "Astol," a remarkable discovery which gives back to grey hair new life and colour in a quick and natural manner. You can try "Astol" free of charge by enclosing an extra 2d. stamp for the postage and packing of the "Harlene-Hair-Drill" parcel, 1s., 6d. stamps in all, when, in addition to the splendid Four-Fold Gift described in this announcement, a trial bottle of "Astol" will also be included absolutely free of charge.

1st Prize	-	**£100**
2nd Prize	-	**£50**
3rd Prize	-	**£10**
10 Prizes of £2	-	**10 - 0**
117 Prizes of £1	-	**0 - 0**

and 117 MAGNIFICENT TOILET DRESSING CASES.

POST COUPON NOW.

It does not matter where you live, whether in the heart of London, Liverpool, Glasgow, or Manchester, or whether you live in a tiny Village or Rural District, there may be a Cash Prize or a Prize of one of the beautifully fitted Toilet Dressing Cases for **you.**

There are no puzzles to solve; all you have to do is to make a free trial test of the "Harlene-Hair-Drill" preparations and then, when you know how wonderfully they rejuvenate, strengthen, and beautify **your** hair and actually grow new hair, then simply by securing similar Free Gifts for your friends, you are on the road to the Prizes.

BANISHING HAIR TROUBLES.

It is certainly true that there is nothing that can so quickly banish hair troubles, such as **Thinning Hair, Hair that is Splitting, Falling from the Head, Losing its Life, Lustre and Colour,** or **Hair that is Scurf-laden,** than by using the scientific "Harlene-Hair-Drill" preparations, according to the "Instructions" given in the Manual, which is also sent free.

Even a few days with "Harlene-Hair-Drill" brings a new sparkle to the hair. Every woman whether shingled or bobbed and men too, say that the two minutes a day makes all the difference to their smart and well-groomed appearance.

These facts, however, you are asked to test **free of cost** by sending the Coupon below. When you have seen how beneficial "Harlene-Hair-Drill" really is you can always obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d. and 4s. 9d. per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle; "Cremex" Shampoo Powders 1s. 6d. per box of seven Shampoos (single packets 3d. each); and "Astol" for Grey Hair at 3s. and 5s. per bottle, from Chemists and Stores all over the world.

"HAIR-DRILL" GUARANTEE.

In the remote event of your being dissatisfied with the results obtained from any "Hair-Drill" preparation, the full price paid will be refunded on application within one month of purchase.

You still have good time in which to compete for the Big Prizes, but you must send your Coupon NOW in order to avoid delay. The sooner you have your "Harlene-Hair-Drill" supplies, the sooner you will improve your own hair, and thus the sooner you will be able to enter for one of the 247 Cash and other valuable Prizes now offered by the very enterprising firm of Edwards' Harlene Ltd.

HAIR-HEALTH PRIZE COUPON

TESTED JB

Detach and post to **EDWARDS' HARLENE, LTD., 20, 22, 24 & 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1.**

Dear Sirs,

Please send me (1) Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair Growing Outfit, as announced—(2) Particulars of your Cash Prize Plan.

I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

JOHN BULL, 17/10/25.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your FULL name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. Mark envelope "Sample Dept."

N.B.—If your hair is GREY, enclose extra 2d. stamp—6d. in all, and a FREE bottle of "ASTOL" Hair Colour Restorer will also be sent you.

FOR A BAD COUGH.

Here is a fine old-fashioned recipe for coughs, colds, influenza, or catarrh troubles that is absolutely unequalled. From your chemist get 1 oz. of Parmint (Double Strength). Take this home and add to it one half-pint of hot water and 4 ozs. of soft sugar; stir until dissolved. Take one dessert-spoonful four times a day. You can feel this take hold of a cough in a way that means business. Under its healing, soothing influence chest soreness goes, phlegm loosens, breathing becomes easy, tickling in the throat stops, and you get a good night's restful sleep. While this Parmint prescription tastes good, is easy to make, and costs little, it can be depended upon to stop a bad cough, break a hard cold, and even overcome influenza in a short time.

ZOX-BALM

ZOX-BALM FOR GOUT RHEUMATISM

"Have derived great benefit from your Zox-Balm" writes a user. So will you if you suffer from Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Headache, Sprains or Bruises. 1/3 & 2/6 of Chemists, etc., or sent Post Free for 1/3. *Write for Pamphlet.*

The ZOX Co., 11, Hatton Gdn., E.C.1

Consulting Rooms, Dispensary and Offices. Laboratories.

Skin Diseases AND Bad Legs

WHEN ALL OTHER

TREATMENTS HAVE FAILED

CONSULT

Mr. TOM WARD

(OF TOM WARD, LTD.)

SPECIALIST IN THE TREATMENT OF

SKIN & BLOOD DISEASES

We Cure ECZEMA, LUPUS, SYCOSIS (and all Diseases of the Hair and Beard), RINGWORM, ACNE, ITCH, PSORIASIS, SCROFULA, BAD LEGS, ULCERS (Varicose and Rodent), and ALL ERUPTIONS of the SKIN.

A Special Treatment is Prescribed for Each Disease.

No Blood Mixture or Ointment that is advertised is able to cure the Skin Diseases we can, because with us each case has special attention and each pathat is given remedies suitable for that particular disease, and our advice is offered free.

We cordially invite the strictest investigation into the method of our treatment. We do not take any money unless there is some chance of a cure. Sufferers should write for our Illustrated Booklet, "J.B.," which will be sent Post Free on application to

TOM WARD LTD.

Medical Skin Specialists,

Lapage Street, BRADFORD.

Tel.: 4099.

SAVED FROM SHAME

Prevention that is Cheaper than Cure

IT is a terrible thing that so many people who find themselves reduced to the last extremity of poverty should be driven in despair to deeds of shame which bring them into public disgrace before any attempt is made to supply their urgent needs.

Scarcely a week passes without the police court reports containing accounts of petty thefts committed by poor men and women who have lost heart in the struggle to preserve their respectability in face of the failure of their efforts to obtain employment. Broken in health and spirit, they succumb to the temptation to steal, knowing that their appearance in the dock will at least draw public attention to their distress.

It is the last resource of despairing poverty, and the dramatic appeal is usually successful. Yet, through the harrowing details of such cases published in the Press are often true, it is difficult to discriminate, and the most deserving poor are in danger of being neglected while cunning cadgers are pampered.

Recently a London magistrate, who has been publishing his recollections, drew attention to the excessive flow of charitable contributions to his court when cases of apparent hardship have been brought before him and the alleged distressing circumstances of the delinquents have been commented upon in the Press.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund endevours to rescue poverty-stricken souls from the numbing influence of long-felt want and to save them from the shame of standing in the dock to draw attention to their need. Prevention is not only better than cure, it is cheaper.

There are hundreds of men and women who have been rescued in the nick of time from the despair which leads to disgrace by the assistance granted by the fund.

Send us your pennies, shillings and pounds, and you may rest assured that your charity will be turned into the right channels.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 33, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Galex, 2s.; Anon, 1s.; S. E., 1s. 4d.; Thea, 5s.; Torquay, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. M. Dupere, 1s.; Mother of Seven, 6d.; Promising Bulleteer, 6d.; Mrs. A. Hamilton, 6d.; W. B. C. R., 6d.; Mrs. H. Deny, 1s.; F. H., 6d.; Scamp, 1s.; Ucalite, 1s.; "Home Lover," 3s.; "2nd," 6d.; H. Glitters, 6d.; Trecynon, 5s.; W. H. Duncanson, 6d.; W. Adams, 3d.; A. P., 1s.; J. Hunt, 1s.; H. E. M., 1s. 1d.; A. James, 1s.; C. Butcher, 10s.; John Mary, 10s.; "Taurus," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Roberts, parcel; Dairy-farmer, parcel; Alloa, parcel; S. Kite, parcel; M. L. Acheson, 1s. 1d.; B. Ward, 6d.; E. G., 1s.; E. Long, 1s.; Some Ninths, 10s.; W. Bergh, 6d.; Weekly Ninth, M. T. P., 1s. 6d.; C. B., 6s.; Corstophine, 13s.; H. B., 1s.; H. Smith, 1s.; F. G. Frost, 2s. 6d.; "One Who Knows," 5 dollars; Roman Catholic, £5.

A. S. (Leeds), 1s. 1d.; "Grateful Heart,"

(More acknowledgments will be found on page 6).

PHONES THAT WILL MAKE YOUR SET TWICE AS LOUD

GENERAL RADIOPHONES, the All-British Super Sensitive Guaranteed Headphones, are offered to all "JOHN BULL" readers upon our unequalled Bargain Terms. These remarkable Headphones will give greater efficiency to your set, whether Crystal or Valve. They make the weakest signals loud and strong. One of our many highly satisfied customers writes the following:—

'As Good as adding a valve.'

"I have been using a cheap type of foreign 'phone upon my Crystal Set and was very disappointed with the results. I could not afford a higher priced article, but, needing another pair, I took advantage of your generous bargain terms. I consider General Radiophones are as good as adding a valve to my set. The results are truly remarkable. My friends are amazed at their bell-like clearness and volume."

SENT FOR 6D. DEPOSIT

Don't buy a cheap pair of short life imported rubbish and be disappointed with your results, but get yourself a pair of these highly efficient Low Loss Super-Sensitive General Radiophones upon our unequalled Bargain Terms and enjoy the Broadcast Programme during the long winter evenings.

Sent on receipt of 6d. deposit. If satisfied, you send 2/6 more on receipt, balance 2/- monthly until only £1/- is paid. Price full cash with order or within 7 days, £1.—

SIMPSONS (Brighton Ltd.), (1627), 94, Queens Road, Brighton

1/6 Weekly is all You pay

after a *Hornless* Gramophone, or 2/6 weekly buys a No. 300A Model with gigantic horn, solid oak cabinet, large motor and extra loud Sound Reproducer. Sent (with 40 tunes) carriage paid on 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Massive Mahogany Cabinets and Table Grands at very low prices. Write to-day for art Catalogue.

No. 300 37/6 CASH TO RECORD BUYERS

GRAVES SAVE YOU POUNDS

Every Lady should write at once for the Graves Display of BARGAINS IN COATS & WRAPS.

The keenest prices in the trade. Every garment distinctive in style, dependable in quality, and warranted to be of the best make.

UNSURPASSED VALUE.

WE DELIVER Coats and Wraps to approved orders on receipt of small payment. Balance monthly. If satisfied. Money back if you are in any way disappointed.

Write for Patterns and styles of Coats, Wraps, Costumes, Robes, &c. Post Free. State which you require.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. Sheffield.

From 5/ monthly

PSORIASIS

ECZEMA, BAD LEGS

and all other Skin Diseases are being daily cured by Kuremo Herbal Treatment when other means have failed even to relieve. Every case treated individually with an experience extending over 20 years. Send postcard for FREE BOOK sent under plain cover.

J. ROBINSON & SONS, 11 Kuremo House, BRADFORD.

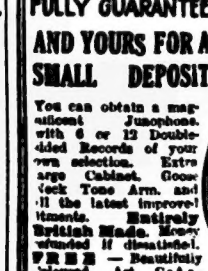
HAD PILES 40 YEARS NOW PERMANENTLY CURED NO OPERATION EITHER

Perth man tells how he cured himself. Send a post card within the next ten days and you will receive a large supply of Nemolin ENTIRELY FREE OF COST.

"One touch of Nemolin, and your pains are over. A day—or possibly two if the case is serious—and you never worry about piles any more. Nemolin will cure them *permanently*," writes this former sufferer, who *never* expected to be cured. Soothing, healing, antiseptic, odourless, non-astringent, convenient to use, and absolutely non-poisonous, it avoids any detention from business or social activities, and renders operations no longer necessary. Totally different from any other treatment. At all chemists.

During the next ten days the Manufacturers agree to forward post paid on request, in plain sealed wrapping, A LARGE FREE SUPPLY, fully sufficient for a thorough trial, together with certified proofs of effects in thousands of specially difficult cases, also authoritative professional endorsement, which must convince even the most discouraged, hopeless, and sceptical.—Just send a post card to Nemolin Laboratories (Dept. N.107L), 22, Euston Buildings, London, N.W.1.

A BRITISH MASTERPIECE MADE BY BRITISH WORKMEN



PACKED FREE CARRIAGE PAID FULLY GUARANTEED AND YOURS FOR A SMALL DEPOSIT

FROM 1/3 A WEEK

You can obtain a magnificent Junophone with 6 or 12 Double-sided Records of your own selection. Extra large Cabinet. Goose-neck Tone Arm, and all the latest improvements. Entirely British Made. Money refunded if dissatisfied. FREE — Beautifully coloured Art Catalogue. WRITE NOW!

14 DAYS FREE TRIAL

JUNO GRAMOPHONE CO. (Dept. 124), 168 & 248, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C.2.

JUNOPHONE

100,000 Rugs GIVEN AWAY.

This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of "John Bull." 17/10/25 On receipt of Postal Order for 12/6 we will forward direct from our Looms to your address one of our "Prudential" Brussels

Real Seamless Woven Guaranteed Genuine Bargains CARPETS

Carriage 1/- extra.

Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in three Turkey patterns and fashionable self shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary size room.

12/6

These Carpets with FREE RUGS will be sent out as samples. They are made of material equal to wool, and beat a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Over 250,000 sold during the past 12 months. Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome rug to match. Gigantic Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Bedsteads, Bedding, Table Linens, Curtains, etc., post free, mentioning "John Bull," 17/10/25, when writing. Established over half a Century.

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. J.B.), Woodside Rd City of Leeds.

The cross-word puzzle this week is on page 6.

A £250 Thought

"A VERY pleasant way of filling in an idle hour," is the way our *Bullets* Competition is described by Mr. A. H. Laing, of 7, Hest Bank Road, Bare, Morecambe. One of the "idle hours" which this competitor spent on *Bullets* has resulted in a First Prize of £250, so that Mr. Laing has every reason to congratulate himself on his choice of so lucrative a spare-time occupation.

The winner attributes his success to "a happy thought rather than any concentrated effort," and the fact that he had previously won several smaller prizes, ranging from "Targets" to £1, shows that a happy thought may produce as good a *Bullet* as any other method.

The winning effort—FIRST INSTALMENT—SECOND DELIVERY—LAST, DELIVERANCE—provides an excellent instance of how a familiar topic may be treated with a distinctive touch that brings success.

Turkeys Again.

Turkeys already? Yes, because there are hundreds of fine *Bullets* birds to be awarded this year, and we must begin finding owners for them in the current contest.

Last year's Turkeys brought a budget of appreciative letters from winners whose Christmas dinners had been provided by a few words upon a *Bullets* coupon. But this is no time to dwell on Turkeys which have been won — and eaten. It is the time to win one for yourself.

If you secure one of the hundred *Bullets* Turkeys which are added to the usual long prize-list this week, you will be informed at once and the bird will arrive (carefully packed and carriage paid) just before Christmas.

A Slogan for Success.

Not long ago we quoted in this column a letter from "W. H. C."(West Bromwich) who in several months had won only one or two small *Bullets* prizes and was wondering if it was worth while to continue competing. In letters we have subsequently received from a goodly number of entrants, there is much encouragement for this competitor.

"'W. H. C.' should be proud of what he has won," writes Mrs. R. C. (Norwich). "Why, that 5s. win brought him within a hundred or two of the First Prize! I haven't won more than a 'Target' myself, but a friend of mine has won £1 and I mean to send in better *Bullets* and do as well—perhaps better."

"Send Better *Bullets*" is a slogan which should help many an unsuccessful competitor into the winning lists. Raise the standard of your efforts and you may soon be hoisting that £250 flag.

A "Bullets" Bombshell!

In next week's issue competitors will get the surprise of their lives, for an announcement will be made concerning an astounding *Bullets* offer which we are now preparing. Look out for the most amazing prize we have ever offered!

Result of "Bullets" No. 577 (£1,500 offer) will appear next week.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 569.

GOOD FOR TRADE	FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS
CONSOLING	WHAT THE VISITOR SAID
FIT FOR A KING	EVERY MAN KNOWS
IF SHE'S TRUTHFUL	SHORT SKIRTS
RETURNING THE COMPLIMENT	WHY HE'S POPULAR
IN YEARS TO COME	IN FORCE
AT BEDTIME	THANKS TO WOMAN
WITH A KICK	SHOWED HE WAS
GAVE HIM A START	SINGLE
HIS WIFE	WHAT IS A MOTHER?
UNEXPECTED	

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 569 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed to "Bullets" No. 569, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. (Comp.) Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. 578.

'Bullets' Turkeys THIS WEEK!!

and 100 FINE TURKEYS

WINNERS WILL RECEIVE THESE SPECIALLY SELECTED BIRDS IN TIME FOR CHRISTMAS

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 579.

IDEAL GOVERNMENT
AT THE TOP
WHEN I'M IN
PLAIN SAILING
ON A STRING
WHY HE WAS SACKED
AT THE SEANCE
POLICEMAN'S MISTAKE
EASY TO SAY
IN AND OUT
MARRIED YESTERDAY
LIFE OF LEISURE
SO FAR
WHAT HE DIDN'T SAY
HIS AUTOGRAPH
TOO OLD
FORGETTING HERSELF
UNTIL
BOLD POLICY
FIT FOR FATHER
WISE GIRL
ONCE IN A LIFETIME
CUT SHORT
INVITING TROUBLE
WHEN SHE'S PLEASED
NEGLECTED
WHEN OUT WITH WIFE
DAY OFF
WHAT THE WAG SAID
POSTPONED
WHAT NEIGHBOURS THINK
WHAT IS A PRISON?

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 570 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

Choose any of the Examples printed: then give any Two, Three or Four Words, having some bearing on the Example chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—

Example:—THE UNEMPLOYED — Bullet:—"REST"—BUT NO "CURE."
Example:—BUSY MAN — Bullet:—FORGETS NATURE'S BUSY TOO.
Example:—MY HOLIDAY — Bullet:—"FINE"—OR "IMPRISONMENT."

SEND POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

PLEASE POST EARLY IF YOU CAN

You can help us by posting early, but all "Bullets" entered in time receive the same careful adjudication.

Address Coupons to:—"Bullets" No. 579. "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, October 22.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(579) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, October 22.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(579) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, October 22.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(579) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, October 22.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(579) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 576 can now be seen in the window of Mr. DIXON, Bare, Morecambe.

STUPENDOUS "BULLETS" PRIZE COMING!!

Your Trouble is INDIGESTION

IT IS NOT YOUR LIVER

CICFA RESTORES DIGESTION

On holidays, when you are travelling, visiting or eating away from home, it is not the LIVER—it is Bowel Indigestion which causes that troublesome CONSTIPATION. CICFA removes that trouble. READ THE REASON WHY.

You have a Liver. You think it is affected. The chances are 10 to 1 that your Liver itself is perfectly sound, but its action is being upset by frequently dosing it with purgatives, etc., and as a consequence your food is not digesting, but fermenting and creating gases.

As it is rolled down the Bowel, the Starchy part, like bread, potatoes, beans, etc., is formed into little hard, dry masses, or "Starch Balls," which block the passage, and you have Constipation. Your Bile Circulation is defective. Fermentation continues, and acids and impurities from the undigested food are absorbed through the wall of the Bowel and carried on into the Liver. Though your Liver may be quite healthy, it is soon overworked and giving you troublesome symptoms; therefore your symptoms are not due to an affected Liver, but to those acids and impurities which are formed by Indigestion in the Bowel.

Your blood becomes more impure, affecting your joints and deep muscles, causing Rheumatism, Lumbago and Sciatica.

Cicfa ensures digestion of the Albuminous food in the Stomach and the Starchy food in the Bowel, improves the Bile Circulation, checks fermentation and the formation of "Starch Balls," so that all the nourishment is absorbed into the blood, the refuse is normal, and there can be no Constipation. Cicfa, in fact, aids and induces the formation of such Digestive Ferments as Nature requires.

"5, Mornington St.,
"Leicester.

"Dear Sirs,—I feel I would like to tell you the benefit I have received from taking your Cicfa tablets.

"I have suffered greatly from Indigestion and Acidity in Stomach for years, and was advised to try them at Easter. After taking three bottles, commencing with six a day and then reducing them, I have found I am completely cured, that I have no need to take them for myself, but keep them in the house, as my wife uses them when attacked with Wind round the heart. I have recommended them to quite a number of people; in fact, I have just taken some to a friend who has not tried them. The reason I have not written before is that I wanted to be sure it would not return, and I still find I can eat anything now without feeling any sign of that old complaint.

"Trusting that others will find the same benefit as me, I remain,

"Yours truly,

"(Signed) H. W. COZENS."

INDIGESTION SYMPTOMS

In Stomach

- **GASES in STOMACH with eructations.**
- **Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.**
- **ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN.**
- **TONGUE Coated White all over.**
- **COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of Nose.**
- **EATING disliked. Some Nausea.**
- **PAINS darting through Chest, Burning Spot behind left Shoulder Blade.**

In Bowel

- **GASES in BOWEL or Flatulence.**
- **Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.**
- **ACIDITY causing Gout and Rheumatism.**
- **TONGUE coated yellow at back.**
- **COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.**
- **EATING disliked or loathed, Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.**
- **PAINS in Bowel, Griping and CONSTIPATION.**

It is therefore useless to treat the Rheumatism, the Lumbago, the Sciatica, or the Liver. They are not at fault. The fault lies in the Bowel Indigestion. You must remove that Indigestion by restoring Digestion.

Probably you suffer also from Acid Dyspepsia.

Whether you have Acid Dyspepsia, or some other form of Stomach Indigestion, it should receive immediate attention, because each stage of Digestion affects each succeeding stage, so that the upsetting of digestion in one portion of the tract quickly affects digestion in other portions. Ordinary Indigestion remedies such as Pepsin, Bismuth, Soda, Rhubarb, etc., cannot therefore be expected to cure you, for at best they can only help in local spots, **while any remedy which can Cure must ensure the Digestive Ferments to correct the errors of Digestion wherever they are occurring throughout the whole alimentary tract.**

Cicfa can do this, because **Cicfa gradually restores Digestion** along the whole alimentary tract.

19,006 BRITISH DOCTORS

have already taken up CICFA, and hundreds of them have written us of the very satisfactory results which they have obtained by its use upon themselves, in their families and in practice. When so many British Doctors are satisfied with Cicfa, you can purchase it and begin using it at once.

Sold everywhere, prices 1/3 & 3/-

THE CICFA CO.,

8, Duke Street, Manchester Square, London, W.1.

John Bull, 17/10/25.

LAST WEEKS

WIN £1,000 FOR ONE SHILLING

BY ENTERING

THE SILVER STAR COMPETITION

THE

SILVER BALLOT

IN AID OF WORCESTER COLLEGE FOR THE BLIND

(Registered under the Blind Persons Act, 1920).

Patrons:

The Most Noble the Marchioness of Londonderry.
The Most Noble the Marchioness of Linlithgow.
The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Clarendon, D.L., J.P.
The Rt. Hon. The Earl of Dunraven, K.P., C.M.G.
The Rt. Hon. Earl de la Warr.
The Rt. Hon. the Countess of Yarborough, Fauconberg, and Conyers.
The Rt. Hon. the Lord Tredegar.
The Rt. Hon. Viscount Cobham.
The Rt. Hon. T. P. O'Connor, M.P. (*Editor T.P.'s and Cassell's Weekly*).
The Dowager Lady Raglan.
His Worship the Mayor of Worcester, Col. J. Livingstone Wood, O.B.E.
Sir David Hughes Morgan, Bart.
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